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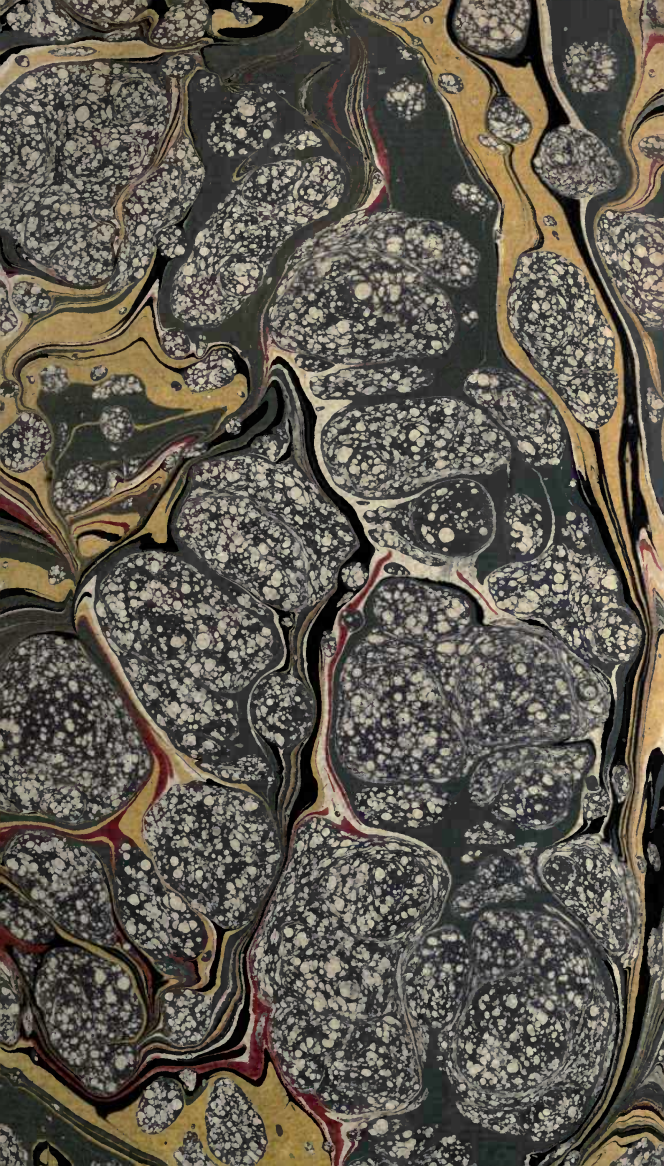

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN NINE VOLUMES COMPLETE.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

LONDON:

[illegible]

1797.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1727.

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TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has owned himſelf as ſplenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing; if you are too buſied in ſtate affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am

no ſtranger to in the Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to reliſh them, in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man who was thought to have ſome knowledge in the world, uſed to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country: but my increaſing experience convinces me he was miſtaken, for I find a great many here grievouſly complaining of you, upon this ſcore. I am told further, that you treat the few you correſpond with in a very arrogant ſtyle, and tell them you admire at their inſolence in diſturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your retreat[a]: but this I will not poſitively aſſert, becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting Epiſtle from you. My Lord Oxford ſays you have not written to him once ſince you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, muſt not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dangerous State treatiſe from your retirement; and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balſac, ſays that the Miniſtry now are like thoſe Heathens of old who received their oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion are not unwilling

[a] Some time before the death of Queen *Anne*, when her Miniſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's houſe at Letcomb in Berkſhire, and never ſaw them after.

willing to credit me, when I whiſper, that you are gone to meet ſome Jeſuits commiſſioned from the Court of Rome, in order to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only deſign is to attend at full leiſure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus[b]. This indeed muſt be granted of greater importance than all the reſt; and I wiſh I could promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I ſhall tranſlate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progreſs I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I ſhall ever owe you, on his account. If I write this in verſe, I would tell you, you are like the ſun, and while men imagine you to be retired or abſent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who ſerve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it is almoſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering

[b] This project (in which the principal perſons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete ſatire in proſe upon the abuſes in every branch of ſcience, compriſed in the hiſtory of the life and writings of Scriblerus; the iſſue of which were only ſome detached parts and fragments, ſuch as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatiſe of the Profund*, the literal *Criticiſms on Virgil*, etc. W.

But the *three* laſt mentioned Works were not at all in the character of Dr. *Scriblerus*.

conſidering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the moſt impertinent. I am, with the trueſt affection,

Yours, etc.

LETTER II.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY [c] Lord Biſhop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correſpondent, and when I leave a country without a probability of returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of what I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *Deſiderium* which of all things makes life moſt uneaſy. But you muſt give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in public events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for ſome favour; if the Tories return *, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet.

You

[c] Dr. *St. George Aſh*, formerly a fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil,) afterwards Biſhop of Clogher, and tranſlated to the See of Derry in 1716-17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnſon, 1716, and performed the ceremony in a garden. S.

* In a Manuſcript Letter of Lord Bolingbroke it is ſaid, "That George the Firſt ſet out from Hanover with a reſolution of oppreſſing no ſet of men that would be quiet ſubjects. But as ſoon as

You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc et verſus tecum meditare canoros*—Do you imagine I can be eaſy, when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the Eclipſe, but it was that Eclipſe which happened on the firſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at ſome bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable Rhymes* to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty.

I have

as he came into Holland a contrary reſolution was taken, at the earneſt importunity of the Allies, and particularly of Heinſius, and of ſome of the Whigs. Lord Townſhend came triumphantly to acquaint Lord Somers with all the meaſures of proſcription and of perſecution which they intended, and to which the King had at laſt conſented. The old Peer aſked him what he meant, and ſhed tears on the foreſight of meaſures like thoſe of the Roman Triumvirate."

* He was frequently carping at Pope for bad Rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact.

I have heard no ſoul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your Preface and Eſſay *. Your are pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I ſaw the Key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times [d].

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary buſineſs, and if they have done with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be abſent, I ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a Parliament on this; but truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind † before I can think of Scriblerus.

You

* Given to him by Parnell; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence, he was never well ſatisfied, though he corrected it again and again.

[d] Put theſe two laſt obſervations together, and it will appear, that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of Party, nor would he inſult a Miniſtry to humour them. He ſaid of himſelf, and I believe he ſaid truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animoſity of any one party at the expence of another.* See the *Letter to a Noble Lord.* W.

† Never was exhibited ſo ſtrong and lamentable a picture of diſappointed ambition, as in theſe Letters of the Dean. When we conſider the fidelity and ability with which he ſerved the Queen's laſt Miniſtry, we are ſurpriſed that they gave him no higher preferment, but baniſhed him, as it were, to Ireland. The

fact

You are to underſtand that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe; my family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which laſt is very rare), I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amuſements are, defending my ſmall dominions againſt the Archbiſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur haec inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, etc.

fact is, that he had ſo inſuperably diſguſted many grave Divines, and the Queen herſelf, by his *Tale of a Tub*, that ſhe never would hear of his advancement in the Church. And this diſguſt was kept alive by the inſtigations of Archbiſhop Sharp, and by the Ducheſs of Somerſet, whom he had wantonly lampooned. It was in vain he wrote, to take off theſe impreſſions, his incomparable Treatiſes, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion*; and the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*. The truth is, his friends the Miniſters had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the conſtant practice of all Miniſters, artfully concealed from him their inability to ſerve him, to keep him ſteady in his dependance on them.

LETTER III.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs[e] and drink more whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived in that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I ſuffer for my religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique

[e] Alluding to his conſtant cuſtom of ſleeping after dinner.

pique at the Pſalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one[f] in my name*). This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie[g], wherein if I can do but ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The Church of Rome† I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family: ſo Churches ſink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the ſame reaſon; that Religion and Trade, which at firſt were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't

[f] In Curl's Collection.

* It is obſervable that he does not deny his being the writer of it.

[g] One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonneval has done ſince.

† Theſe words are remarkable. What would he have ſaid, if he had ſeen what has happened in France, 1794? and what is likely to happen, by the diffuſion of Learning and Science, in all the other Catholic Countries of Europe? Such events are ſtupendous;—*Non hæc ſine numine Divûm eveniunt.*

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Auguſt 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other queſtion relating to your health or fortune, or ſucceſs as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he Whig or a Tory?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture, as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Poſſeſſion of any ſort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the Courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconveniency will follow, that you and the world

and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace. —You sleep less and drink more——But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in Temples for those who would consult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me * slumbering[h]," etc.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise†, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether Addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his

* The only time *Swift* ever alludes to *Milton:* who was of an order of writers very different from what *Swift* admired, and imitated.

[h] Milton.

† According to Spence's anecdotes, Swift was not born in Ireland, as it has sometimes been asserted, but at Leicester, 1667.

his cotemporary ſcribblers in Critic or Satire, not only by ſtolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulneſs at your door. I had long a deſign upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and ſharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poiſoned, although the hiſtorian pretends to have been an eye-witneſs: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never ſaw the thing you mention as falſely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, ſhould not be left to the mercy of our beſt friends, until Curl and his reſemblers are hanged.

With ſubmiſſion to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unneceſſary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the ſame methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice of any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and diſgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, becauſe we would oblige you to be a Chriſtian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verſes to his miſtreſs, not very correct, but in a ſtrain purely what a poetical Quaker ſhould do, commending her look and habit, etc. It gave me a hint that a ſet of Quaker paſtorals might ſucceed, if your friend Gay[i] could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful ſubject; pray hear what he ſays. I believe further, the paſtoral ridicule is not exhauſted; and that a porter, footman, or[k] chairman's paſtoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate paſtoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Laſtly, to conclude, I love you never the worſe for ſeldom writing to you. I am in an obſcure ſcene, where you know neither thing nor perſon. I can only anſwer yours, which I promiſe to do after a ſort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can aſſure you, the ſcene and the times have depreſſed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to thoſe two paltry years which have ſlipped by ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you.

I am with the trueſt eſteem,

Yours, etc.

[i] Gay did write a paſtoral of this kind, which is publiſhed in his works.

[k] Swift himſelf wrote one of this kind, intitled *Dermot and Sheelah.*

[1] LETTER V.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things* have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuſe to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Juſtice Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For, I take this cauſe properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Beſides, I doubt whether the arguments I could ſuggeſt to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to thoſe in Furs, upon whoſe deciſion about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I ſhould be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cauſe.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot eaſily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkſhire, where you may remember

[1] This Letter Mr. Pope never received. P. Nor did he believe it was ever ſent. W.

* No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the Engliſh Conſtitution, and national Liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope ſhould affirm he never received it.

remember that you gave me the favour of a viſit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a diſcourſe which I thought might be uſeful in ſuch a juncture of affairs, and ſent it up to London; but, upon ſome difference in opinion between me and a certain great Miniſter now abroad, the publiſhing of it was deferred ſo long, that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent Princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events, which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome Memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations, which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſigned me[m]: But, as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteadineſs or ſincerity, I diſdained to accept it.

Theſe

[m] Hiſtoriographer.

Theſe papers at my few hours of health and leiſure, I have been digeſting [a] into order by one ſheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, leſt the humour of ſearching and ſeizing papers ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myſelf, (for they contain nothing of preſent Times or Perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the houſe,) but to preſerve them from being loſt among Meſſengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a [o] diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England. This Treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately

[a] Theſe papers ſome years after were brought finiſhed by the Dean into England, with an intention to publiſh them. But L. Bol. on whoſe judgment he relied, diſſuaded him from that deſign. He told the Dean, there were ſeveral facts he knew to be falſe, and that the whole was ſo much in the ſpirit of party writing, though it might have made a ſeaſonable pamphlet in the time of the adminiſtration, it was a diſhonour to juſt hiſtory. It is to be obſerved that the Treaſurer Oxford was the Hero of the ſtory. The Dean would do nothing againſt his friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that ſince L. B. did not approve his hiſtory, he would caſt it into the fire, though it was the beſt work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is ſaid to be yet in being.—It has been ſince publiſhed. W.

[o] A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of Iriſh Manufactures. P.

mediately took the alarm: He ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately publiſhed with a deſign of ſetting the two Kingdoms at variance; directing at the ſame time that the Printer ſhould be proſecuted to the utmoſt rigour of law. The Chief Juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practiſed effectually with to repreſent the ſaid Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their Preſentments publiſhed for ſeveral weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail: After his trial the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; the Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a Special Verdict. During the trial, the Chief Juſtice, among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly that the Author's deſign was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a ſingle ſyllable of Party in the whole Treatiſe, and although it was known that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, publicly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and impopular, the trial of the Verdict was deferred from one

term to another, until upon the Duke of G--ft-on the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *noli proſequi*.

This is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſaid that the man is no ill decider in common caſes of property, where Party is out of the queſtion; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh it forward, it muſt needs confound any man of little ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that ſort of Knowledge, which, however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind [p].

It

[p] This is a very ſtrange aſſertion. To ſuppoſe that a conſummate knowledge of the Laws, by which civilized ſocieties are governed, can *give no one good quality to the mind*, is making Ethics (of which public laws are ſo conſiderable a part) a very unprofitable ſtudy. The beſt diviſion of the ſciences is that old one of Plato, into Ethics, Phyſics, and Logic. The ſeverer Philoſophers condemn a total application to the two latter, becauſe they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommended the firſt as our principal ſtudy, for its efficacy in this important ſervice. And ſure, if any human ſpeculations have this effect, they muſt be thoſe which have man for their object, as a reaſonable, a ſocial, and a civil being. And theſe are all included under *Ethics*; whether you call the ſcience *Morality* or *Law*. With regard to the Common Law of England, we may juſtly apply to it what Tully ſays of the law of the Twelve Tables. "Fremant omnes licet, di-"cam quod ſentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium Philoſopho-"rum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen et authoritatis "pondere et utilitatis ubertate ſuperare." But the beſt evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its Profeſſors; and theſe, in every age, have been ſuch as were the firſt improved, and the laſt corrupted. W.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the public as well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which Politics, and South-ſea, and Party, and Opera's, and Maſquerades have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome hath entitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtyle and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a Treatiſe called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumſtance which makes it impoſſible for me to have been Author of a Treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a Panegyric on King George, of whoſe character and perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curioſity to enquire into either, living at ſo great a diſtance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were aſked or no; but never affected to be a Counſellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to ſee myſelf ſo far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a courtier not to diſcover

his contempt of thoſe who would be men of importance out of their ſphere. Beſides, to ſay the truth, although I have known many great Miniſters ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly ſeen one that would ever deſcend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariſeth from a Maxim themſelves do not believe at the ſame time they practiſe by it, that there is ſomething profound in Politics, which men of plain honeſt ſenſe cannot arrive to.

I only wiſh my endeavours had ſucceeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Miniſters to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had ſucceeded, the public intereſt both of Church and State would not have been the worſe, nor the Proteſtant Succeſſion endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a conſtant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular perſons, I deſerve at leaſt to find tolerable quarter from thoſe of the other Party; for many of which I was a conſtant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordſhip: He knows how often I preſſed him in favour of Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confeſs that his Lordſhip's kindneſs to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer.

For I can never forget the anſwer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who upon the firſt change of the Miniſtry interceded with him to ſpare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating theſe two lines of Virgil;

> Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſuring him of his conſtant favour and protection, and adding that he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him.

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubject of raillery towards me among the Miniſters, that I never came to them without a Whig in my ſleeve: Which I do not ſay with any view towards making my Court: For, the new Principles[q] fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more Miniſters of State of all parties than uſually happens to men of my level, and, I confeſs, in their capacity as Miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of Vanity or Ambition. The firſt quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having

[q] He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their Enemies, of an intention *to proſcribe the Tories.* W.

having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power, but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr. Addiſon, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Miniſtry, and Mr. Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Somers * or Halifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite Party.

* The following curious account of Swift's political conduct is given by the reſpectable Dr. Salter, late Maſter of the Charter-houſe. "Lord Somers recommended Swift at his own very earneſt requeſt to Lord Wharton, when that Earl went Lieutenant to Ireland, in 1708, but without ſucceſs; and the anſwer Wharton is ſaid to have given was never forgotten or forgiven by Swift; but it ſeems to have laid the foundation of that peculiar rancour with which he always mentions Lord Wharton. I ſaw and read two Letters of Jonathan Swift, then prebendary of St. Patrick's Dublin, to Lord Somers: the firſt earneſtly entreating his favour, pleading his poverty, and profeſſing the moſt unalterable attachment to his Lordſhip's perſon, friends, and cauſe; the ſecond acknowledging Lord Somers's kindneſs in having recommended him; and concluding with the like ſolemn profeſſions, not more than a year before Swift deſerted Lord Somers and all his friends, writing avowedly on the contrary ſide, and (as he boaſts himſelf) libelling all the junto round. I ſaw alſo the very letters which Lord Somers wrote to Lord Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended; and I well remember the ſhort and very ſmart anſwer Lord Wharton is ſaid to have given; which, as I have obſerved, Swift never forgave or forgot; it was to this purpoſe: "Oh, my Lord, we muſt not prefer or countenance thoſe fellows; we have not character enough ourſelves."

I would

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt Miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: And yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant Succeſſion, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can ſay with Cicero, "that I ſhould "be proud to be included with them in all their "actions *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But if I have never diſcovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence[r], or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs: I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig* in England is a creature altogether different from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt

[r] The *Examiners*, I ſuppoſe, were not then publiſhed amongſt the Dean's works. W.

* On a moderate computation how many times have *Whigs* and *Tories* changed their principles, or rather their names! When Swift firſt ſet out in life, he was as true a Whig as Addiſon.

leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain Miniſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical Genius, ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: His Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the foureſt leven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an Exciſeman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill-treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other

other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government; in anſwer to which, I will tell you what my political Principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared myſelf againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and ſecondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people, for neceſſity may aboliſh any Law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular of all topics; and therefore in great Changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Adminiſtration) may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a Revolution principle *, my opinion was this; That whenever thoſe evils, which uſually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievance we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public

* A full, ſhort, but ſolid defence of the principles on which the Revolution was built: As the preceding paragraph contains all that can be ſenſibly urged in favour of *Hereditary Right*. This topic he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perſpicuous light, in the admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man."

public good will juſtify ſuch a Revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's Expedition, although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt Standing Armies in times of Peace. Becauſe I always took Standing Armies to be only ſervants hired by the Maſter of the family for keeping his own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceived, that a Prince, who could not think himſelf ſecure without Mercenary Troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial Neceſſities which a corrupted Miniſtry can create, for keeping up Forces to ſupport a Faction againſt the public Intereſt.

As to Parliaments *, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic Inſtitution, which made them annual: and I was

* When King *William* heſitated about paſſing the Bill for *triennial* Parliaments, (for *annual* ſeem impracticable, and out of the queſtion,) and ſent down to Sir *William Temple*, who had retired from public buſineſs, to deſire he wonld give him his free opinion on this important meaſure, Sir *William* diſpatched *Swift*, then a young man, and who lived in his houſe, with a letter to his Majeſty, informing him, that the meſſenger was fully inſtructed to give him all poſſible information on the ſubject. The King liſtened to *Swift* with patience and attention, and gave his aſſent to the Bill. As to *extending* the duration of Parliament, in the Reign of George I. Dr. *Johnſon* has expreſſed himſelf with great emphaſis, by ſaying, "That the ſudden introduction of twelve new Peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent

was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For, who ſees not, that, while ſuch Aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Miniſtry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of Liberty? which traffic would never anſwer the deſign nor expence, if Parliaments met once a Year.

I ever abominated that Scheme of Politics (now about thirty years old) of ſetting up a monied Intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the Poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, Funds of Credit and South-ſea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could

lent enough, yet certainly legal; and by no means to be *compared* with that contempt of *national right*, with which ſome time afterwards, by the inſtigation of *Whiggiſm*, the *Commons*, choſen by the *People* for *three* years, choſe *themſelves* for *ſeven*."

He ſhould have ſaid at the inſtigation of ſome, who *called* themſelves *Whigs*. It is in alluſion to this ſentiment of *Swift*, relating to Parliaments, that Dr. *Stopford*, the learned and amiable Biſhop of *Cloyne*, thus expreſſes himſelf in a Latin Panegyric on *Swift*. "Incorruptus inter peſſimos mores; magni atque conſtantis animi; Libertatis ſemper ſtudioſiſſimus, atque noſtri Reipublicæ ſtatus, a Gothis quondam ſapienter inſtituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitû et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignoſci poſſit, fœpius indignabundus ploravit."

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any Law upon which the Liberty of the moſt innocent perſons depended; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taſte of Arbitrary Power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every Rebellion ſubdued and Plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the Prince: In the latter caſe, the knot of Conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages: So that thoſe diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every perſon whoſe face a Miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of Informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a Dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the Power of other Magiſtrates was ſuſpended; but this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a War near their doors, or ſome civil Diſſention: For Armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the perſons of the Cæſars and their Succeſſors, the moſt infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: What they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf; neither can I truly ſay I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſome time paſt, that a political Catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructor; for, intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide by advancing certain old whiggiſh principles, which, it ſeems, had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the ſpirit of Faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the Miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a Subject nor ſo ſtupid an Author, as I have been repreſented by the virulence of Libellers, whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and inſipid Productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been ſoured by perſonal ill treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the public, I am too much a politician * to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words. And, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by increaſing years, I have at leaſt enough diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe Talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth †.

* Swift, in one ſentence only, of his admirable " Sentiments of a Church of England Man," demoliſhed the ſlaviſh and abſurd doctrine of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance. " Many of the Clergy," ſays he, " and other learned men, miſtook the object to which paſſive obedience was due. By the Supreme Magiſtrate is properly underſtood the Legiſlative Power, which in all Governments muſt be abſolute and unlimited. But the word *Magiſtrate*, ſeeming to denote a *ſingle* perſon, and to expreſs the *executive* Power, it came to paſs that the obedience due to the Legi ature was, for want of knowing or conſidering this eaſy diſtinction, miſapplied to the *Adminiſtration*.

† The following is a curious Letter from Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq. to Dr. Swift, concerning the laſt Miniſters of Queen Anne.

" Sir,

" I never differed from you, in my opinion, in any point ſo much, as in your propoſal to accommodate matters between the dragon and

and his quondam friends. I will venture to go ſo far with you, as to ſay he contributed to his own diſgrace, by his petiteſſes, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But ſince they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to ſerve them in their own way, I had rather ſee his dead carcaſe, than that he ſhould now tamely ſubmit to thoſe, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could ſuggeſt and tongues utter. Have not Charteris, Brinſden, and all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, ſot, and worthleſs? And ſhall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderneſs for Lady Maſham, and think her beſt way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domeſtic life. But ſure ſhe has not produced ſuch monſters as Lord Bolingbroke and his companion, probably the Lord Chancellor Harcourt or the Biſhop of Rocheſter. The laſt openly avows he never had obligations to the Dragon, loads him with ten thouſand crimes; though his greateſt, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What ſhould they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the Queen alive again? Can Lady Maſham hereafter make any figure, but be a *perſona muta* in a drama? If the Dragon declares againſt the Man of Mercury, he may ſtrike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably ariſe; but with him he never can be otherwiſe than ſpurned and hated. The natural reſult of this is, that however I may, for my private ſatisfaction, deſire to ſee you here, I cannot but think you ſhould go to Ireland to qualify yourſelf, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into ſome kind of order. If the King keeps ſome Tories in employment, the notion of Whig and Tory will be loſt; but that of Court and Country will ariſe. The Regency has declared in favour of the Whigs in Ireland. I believe Mr. Thomas will ſtand his ground. We ſhall be diſſolved as ſoon as we have ſettled the Civil Liſt. We have no appearance that any attempt will be formed by the Pretender."

LETTER VI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England: there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*. What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs, my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you, but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after

after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *Deſiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not always *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit Apponet annos*. I am heartily ſorry you have any dealing with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why Poets have ſuch

ill ſucceſs in making their court, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt and beſt of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſides, they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe Porters and Footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original ſin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill Judge at this diſtance; and beſides, am, for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world; but if all Courts have a famineſs in them (as the Parſons phraſe it) things may be as they were in my time *, when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been uſeful in Elections, and there was always a huge Liſt of names in arrears at the Treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your houſe to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good

* At what period of time, in Engliſh Hiſtory, was not this the caſe, and true ſtate of things?

good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanery-houſe; there is a ſet of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you, becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the Succeſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools. Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt and more active; or elſe turn Parſon and get a Biſhopric here: Would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I FIND a rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both ſtings and pleaſes me extremely. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of Friendſhip. Indeed as I cannot but own the Lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given [s]) a Surfeit of writing; ſo I really thought you would know yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my Friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to aſſure you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate at this diſtance, and in this Abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live, and I find him in all the converſations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

We have never met theſe many years without mention of you. Beſides my old Acquaintance, I have found

[s] Alluding to his large work on Homer. W.

found that all my friends of a later date are ſuch as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he ſeems grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed: after both of you left England, my conſtant Hoſt was the Biſhop of Rocheſter [t]. Sure this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another [u]. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with); he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General [w]: and if he

[t] Dr. Atterbury. W.

[u] The Biſhop of Rocheſter thought this to be indeed the caſe; and that the price agreed on for Lord B's return, was his baniſhment: an imagination which ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed him when he went abroad, that all the expoſtulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. W.

[w] This Mr. Walſh ſeriouſly thought to be the caſe, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he ſays——"When we were in the North, "my Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a "certain great General in Spain; [Lord Peterb.] I told him I "would by all means have that General recalled, and ſet to "writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo "much wit as he ſhewed, could be fit to command an army or do "any other buſineſs."—*Lett.* V. *Sept.* 9, 1706. W.

he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my Life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt me into this; and this, I begin to ſee, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from oppoſite Sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or ſour to any Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervation and Experience I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violence and Hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh that world well. My Friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none but to Knaves, (for Fools I have learned to bear with,) and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe men are next to Knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt man in power of

this

this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to uſe; the Freedom of Friendſhip with men much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have diſpleaſed them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourſe with Poets and Scribblers, unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally; none have been Enemies, but who were alſo Strangers to me: and as there is no great need of Eclairciſſement with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid I never retaliated, not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you: but Fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to ſee the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Juſt upon earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his hand, you will learn to do me juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER VIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

I AM not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to Lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge. You will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous Tribunals: you reſemble perfectly the two Alehouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not ſtand to the award; my Title to your Friendſhip is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgements at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to ſuſpect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated than when you knew me and cared for me.

That

That Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſun-ſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the ſake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious Philoſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his Precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any Party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that

I am

I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from the pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman Hiſtorians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no Hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it, which you promiſe to finiſh, appears *.

I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of Study and Retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life; my Philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize. In driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of Titles and Rank and Eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will

* See the firſt note on Let. V. of this Vol. W.

will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them: my loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany; but

even

even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.——Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, September 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt Friendſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always

always ſcribbling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here—*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your happineſs is greater than your Merit; in chuſing your Favourites ſo indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendſhip are new to me[y]; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot

[y] Yet they are the Chriſtian notions. W.

cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt places in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Penny-worths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow priſoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a Friendſhip among all men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scribblers I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be ſo called in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt

trifling ſubjects: but riding, walking, and ſleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum, etc.* I ſend you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country-houſe without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me except Mr. Jervas, to whoſe houſe I addreſs this for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, etc.

LETTER X.

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I ſhould have done any thing you deſired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are ſo much better liked in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, loſt his curioſity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am diſappointed at not knowing better a man whom you eſteem, and comfort myſelf only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I ſit down a gainer; ſince to my great pleaſure it confirms my hope of once more ſeeing you. After ſo many diſperſions and ſo many diviſions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive filly ſchemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with buſy vanities, (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man,) but to divert ourſelves, and the world too, if it pleaſes; or at worſt, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourſelves. Your Travels[z] I hear much of; my own I promiſe you ſhall

[z] Gulliver. W.

ſhall never more be in a ſtrange land, but a diligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own Territories[a]*. I mean no more Tranſlations, but ſomething domeſtic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; as you will gueſs, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not ſo old, as yourſelf; you'll be pleaſed with one another, I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one another; you'll converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you'll moſt wonder at is, ſhe is conſiderable at Court, yet no party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention (and I dare ſay always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He

[a] The Eſſay on Man. W.

* This is the firſt notice he gives Swift of his great work; and is ſo obſcure an hint that Swift certainly could not gueſs at the ſubject, written 1725.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he wou'd give you (if he could) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs, but he would not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts: to ſignalize myſelf among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my [b] Travels*, in four parts complete, newly augmented,

[b] Gulliver's Travels. W.

* Theſe Travels and the Tale of a Tub are indiſputably the two moſt capital works of Swift. It is remarkable that he never would own himſelf to be the author of the latter; nor is the ſlighteſt hint of it to be found in any of his writings. I have very lately been authentically informed, that Swift uſed to be mortified at Sir William Temple's frequent cenſure and contempt of burleſque writings; and was much hurt at the laſt paragraph of Sir William's

augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a Printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions; but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with Tranſlations; Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all Nations, Profeſſions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for inſtance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counſellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: 'tis ſo with Phyſicians, (I will not ſpeak of my own Trade,) Soldiers, Engliſh, Scotch,

William's firſt Eſſay in his Miſcellanea; where he ſays, "I wiſh the vein of ridiculing all that is ſerious and good, all Honour and Virtue, as well as Learning and Piety, may have no worſe effect on any State; 'tis the itch of our age and climate; and has over-run both the Court and the Stage, enters the Houſe of the Lords and Commons, as boldly as a Coffee-houſe; debates of Council as well as private converſation; and I have known in my life, more than one or two miniſters of State, that would rather have ſaid a witty thing, than have done a wiſe one; and made the Company laugh, rather than the Kingdom rejoice."

Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called Man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have governed myſelf many years, (but do not tell,) and ſo I ſhall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Miſanthropy (tho' not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honeſt men are of my opinion: by conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſpute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three-fourths the leſs for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to

* A ſentiment that diſhonours him, as a Man, a Chriſtian, and a Philoſopher! as indeed did his conduct towards Miſs Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty to Mrs. Johnſon; which cannot be paliated nor pardoned.

to your garden, whereby you turned a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you deſcribe to live at Court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is ſhe a Court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then ſhe is a moſt damnable Party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be Riches, which anſwers all your deſcription: I am glad ſhe viſits you, but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs, which is a very ſenſible Affliction to me, who by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But, however, he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age, where after abundance of praiſes he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue

that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but alas! he hath a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leiceſter called thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin Blackſmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſame Miſs. Philips is a complainer, and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never ſucceeded at Court, though Railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, altho' ſo much paper is left. I have an ill Name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it, but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has ſo much Youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty,) but I wonder he has no more Diſcretion.

LETTER XII.

October 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content, with returning to his firſt point, without the thought or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his Father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleaſed with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long deſpiſed, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conſcience into the bargain (which is the moſt Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the moſt Univerſal). I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I'm ſorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets

Poets the moſt miſerable. I'm alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they don't promote him, they'll ſpoil the concluſion of one of my Satires, where having endeavoured to correct the Taſte of the town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

> But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
> In ——'s Reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ,
> When Ambroſe Philips was preferr'd for Wit!

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppoſed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole truſt at Court in that Lady whom I deſcribed to you; and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wiſh ſhe really were Riches for his ſake; though as for yours, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by his fall; I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved Mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved without ſhifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the

one,

one, any more than a ſingle atom of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I've fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former Paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Juſt, in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging Angel of wrath, to break your Vial of Indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world: nay, would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of Maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles [c] *) till I ſee you here, face to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my Ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſſed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your principle of love of

[c] This was only ſaid as an oblique reproof of the horrid miſanthropy in the foregoing Letter; and which he ſuppoſed, might be chiefly occaſioned by the Dean's fondneſs for *Rochefoucault*, whoſe *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an univerſal ſelfiſhneſs in human nature. W.

* "Who is the great *Philoſopher*," ſays *Addiſon*, "for adminiſtering of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and worthleſs part of mankind."

of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public ſpirit is firſt to have a private one; for who can believe (ſaid a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is ſo touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu — what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Diſney ſo alſo; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe, and ſome others, preſerve their ancient honour and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a Proteſtant prieſt, who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer for my own part as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Chriſtian is an Infidel
That ſitteth in a Pew.

LETTER XIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD ſooner have acknowledged yours, if a feveriſh diſorder and the relics of it had not diſabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expreſſed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wiſh he were baniſhed again, for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was ſo extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his ſon's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before the letter could reach him, I wiſhed it in the ſea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordſhip. 'Tis hard that Parſons and Beggars ſhould be over-run with brats, while ſo great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament *(ſub ſigillo confeſſionis)* that it

is

is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an Hospital built for its Despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellant* whether he shall turn Parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast Beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating Ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey, of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys, like you, talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends

will take a special care that my Disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f--ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with—than I was with the Kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him[d]; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations.—Take care the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your Verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame *, 'tis a perfect trifle.

I ask

[d] This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. W.

* "I desire Fame," says a certain Philosopher: "Let this occur: if I act well I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance; and what is all the rest to me?"

I aſk a thouſand pardons, and ſo leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myſelf whether you write or no.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIV.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myſelf the better acquainted with you for a long Abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long Affliction: Abſence does but hold off a Friend, to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleaſed to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleaſed with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scribblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius *, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve

* Or Pope with *Tibbald*, *Concanen*, and *Smedley*, &c.

ſleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe, that out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a Piſs-pot *, than by a Thunderbolt. As to greater Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them; but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himſelf.

So

* Here is one of thoſe vulgar and diſguſting images on which our Author too much delighted to dwell. Dr. Delany, from his partiality to Swift, is of opinion, that the Dean caught his love of groſs and filthy objects from Pope. The contrary ſeems to be the fact. One would think this love contagious; ſee two paſſages in the *View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philoſophy*, Letter II. pages 67 and 120.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Dr. not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine.* Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him, and the other becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it: none more, be aſſured, than Yours, etc.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philoſophers: if you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect *, that noble Original whom you think

* Very different is the opinion that Lord Shafteſbury has given of Seneca, the perſon here alluded to. "'Tis not," ſays he finely, "the perſon, character, or genius, but the ſtile and manner of this great man, which we preſume to cenſure. We acknowledge his noble ſentiments and worthy actions: we own the Patriot and good Miniſter: but we reject the Writer. Where an univerſal Monarchy was actually eſtabliſhed, and the intereſt of a whole world concerned; he ſurely muſt have been eſteemed a Guardian Angel, who, as a Prime Miniſter, could, for ſeveral years,

think it so great an honour to resemble [f], was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontif *Cotta;* between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to Philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, etc. B.

years, turn the very worst of Courts, and worst-conditioned of all Princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a Minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero."—*Characteristics*, vol. iii. p. 23.

[f] Seneca. W.

LETTER XV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt Tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſup more than you ſtint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health: which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you: this I intend in return to your kindneſs; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me ſo cruelly as you, the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life, for ſo long ſhall I be (in ſpite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XVI.

Auguſt 22, 1726.

MANY a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man baniſhed, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lopped off, one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe without you; habitude itſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me in every place I frequent; I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your Idea muſt be joined with 'em; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or one room in my own houſe, without a Phantom of you, ſitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Cheſter. I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſeneſs of the uneaſy coach, and wiſhed a hundred times I had either a Deanry or a Horſe in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſince with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire after you. I am gone out of myſelf to no purpoſe, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat*

in pedes was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lie down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the ſtate you wiſh him, or her: ſo that your viſits to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chooſe to remove. May this be your ſtate till it become what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth with which I wiſh you all things, and myſelf you. Indeed you are engraved elſewhere than on the Cups you ſent me (with ſo kind an inſcription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleaſed with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did, for at this rate I may ſay

Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's; which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs.

neſs. *Donarem Pateras*, etc. Till then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inſcription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

September 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater ſatisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear you were ſafe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwiſe, believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which ſets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I gueſs reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir — who expreſſed his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us. He ſaid he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him you had no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, which was merely to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſhed you loved Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more. I ſaid nothing but what I

think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I conſider the whole ſhort Liſt of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loſes Money, one loſes his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling ſoil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a ſubject to Princes and Potentates, to reliſh that wild Taſte of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too ſick to bear a thin air; and ſhe * that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never ſtay in any. Lord Bathurſt is too great an huſbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honeſt to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he ſhould. We are left to ourſelves in my opinion, and may live where we pleaſe, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I aſſure you I love the world ſo well, and it loves me ſo well, that I care not in what part of it I paſs the reſt of my days. I ſee no ſunſhine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpſe of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps

* The Ducheſs of Marlborough.

perhaps 'tis a miſtake, but however there's ſomething in it generous. Mr. ** take its extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To ſhew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myſelf an old ſentence: "Thoſe that are in, may abide in; and thoſe that "are out, may abide out: yet to me, thoſe that are "in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are "out ſhall be as thoſe that are in."

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters, but I miſs you as much as I did the firſt day, when (with a ſhort ſigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dublin,

Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,——)

I am, and ever ſhall be, Yours, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

November 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a Book was publiſhed here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: the whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the Author: but I am told, the Bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nurſery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the

dignity and virtue of a man[h]. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Ducheſs Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe tread it: ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the Author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among Lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the Church ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other Critics, they think the flying iſlands is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion

[h] It is no wonder a man of real merit ſhould *condemn* a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: and, as little, that a corrupt or worthleſs man ſhould *approve* ſuch a ſatire, becauſe it juſtifies his principles and tends to excuſe his practice. W.

opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath paſſed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima;* which we modern naturaliſts pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furtheſt. But to us, your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princeſs is cloathed in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the Weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurprized

to

to hear that the Bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo*, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken; we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

November 16, 1726.

I HAVE reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of all miſfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of

* By this circumſtance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole Letter pleaſantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a ſtranger to the work.

of one hand hang impediments to the other[1], like uſeleſs dependents, who only take up room, and never are active and aſſiſtant to our wants: I ſhall never be much the better for 'em.—I congratulate you firſt upon what you call your Couſin's wonderful Book, which is *publicæ trita manu* at preſent, and I prophecy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by ſome ſtateſmen, is delightful; I wiſh I could tell you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſerve which has been my whole diverſion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London ſince you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the book: ſome indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it of particular reflections; (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are deſirous to apply Satire to thoſe they envy for being above them;) ſo that you needed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte received the copy

[1] This was occaſioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in paſſing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horſes into the river. The glaſſes being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the poſtillion, who had juſt recovered himſelf, beat the glaſs which lay uppermoſt to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerouſly. W.

copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his houſe in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgment.

I am pleaſed with the nature and quality of your Preſent to the Princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff* you ſent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greateſt Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing in which you have pleaſed me, was what you ſay to Mr. P. by which it ſeems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion

* The Dean at this time courted the Princeſs, and was in hopes of getting his Iriſh Deanery changed for ſome preferment in England. But the Miniſtry were afraid to bring him on this ſide the water. Sir Robert Walpole dreaded his abilities. I once heard a perſon, high in office, expreſs his wonder that Miniſters ſhould much regard what writers ſaid of them, and how they repreſented them. I anſwered him only by reading a paſſage in Lord Shafteſbury's Advice to an Author. Characteriſtics, vol. i. p. 225.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: but God forbid an honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about Politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wiſe to play the fool any other way,) ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the dignity and integrity of your character with thoſe times to come, which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate towards you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I muſt be, at moſt, but half your friend, and ſincerely, I am wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſoon, for many wiſh you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM juſt come from anſwering a letter of Mrs. H—'s, writ in ſuch myſtical terms, that I ſhould never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been ſent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you ſay ſo much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the ſecond volume obſerved ſeveral paſſages, which appear to be patched and altered [k], and the ſtyle of a different ſort (unleſs I am much miſtaken). Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors leaſt [l]; others, you tell me, the Flying Iſland; ſome think it wrong to be ſo hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular perſons are moſt to be blamed: ſo that in theſe caſes, I think the beſt method is to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A Biſhop here ſaid, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and ſo much for Gulliver.

Going

[k] This was the fact, which is complained of and redreſſed in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works. W.

[l] Becauſe he underſtood it to be intended as a ſatire on the *Royal Society*. W.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning to Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your Miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in Priſon for a Plotter; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch journies very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? another man can publiſh fifty thouſand Lies ſooner than he can fifty Fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office, it is to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop, in degrading a Parſon who couples all our beggars, by which I ſhall make one happy man: and decide the great queſtion of an indelible character in favour of the principles in faſhion; this I hope you will repreſent to the Miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo farewel till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the Parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he reſolved to be hanged, only deſired that when he was to go to the gallows the Archbiſhop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotch-man. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice. ——Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to give out that his

copy

copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourſelf, and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by it. What have accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a raſcally Groom ſhall gallop a foundred horſe ten miles upon a cauſeway, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleaſed that you approve what was ſent, becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgment than making a preſent; which when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr. P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and

dependence a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Miniſter will ſee us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verſes *, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (though it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Though you deſpiſe Riddles, I am ſtrongly

* A juſt character of Swift's poetry, as well as his proſe, is, that it "conſiſts of proper words in proper places." Johnſon ſaid once to me, ſpeaking of the ſimplicity of Swift's ſtyle, "The Rogue never hazards a figure."

ly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that ever were ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, Diſſentis.*

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our Miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint-volume, in which, methinks, we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other,

and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner; diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of Verſes, but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon ſaid, and above all of making Miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the Twelve-thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a Horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epiſtle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookſeller would fain have printed them before the ſecond Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe, but therefore the more warm and the more angry; *Non noſtrum eſt, Tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twit'nam, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (though, as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very aukward ſenſations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this: ſhe has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy ſome letters have been intercepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſand things I want to tell you: I wiſh you were as impatient to hear them, for if ſo, you would, you muſt come early this ſpring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vext at loſing Mr. Stopford as ſoon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value muſt ſettle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

October 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that 'tis almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness; I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your

so

ſo ſudden departure: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs your health grew better, and I don't find it did ſo. I never complied ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you; nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed that before you went we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours: we are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleaſed and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniences about me. I may be worſe than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than to go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my giddineſs

giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me. And I believe I ſhould have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God that you are not in a ſtate of health, to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend. Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body, and here is a large houſe where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myſelf with accompts; ſo that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deſerve it like you, having

having been too laviſh of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, "the "day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been "before."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſalutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the Court, till you do ſo too.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 30, 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Poſt-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the Deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes.

Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that in point of friendſhip you acted like ſome Philoſophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs. Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking of you is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health: you pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the conſequences of them in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuits I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Phyſicians. When you talked of Cups and impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughti-
"neſs of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred

dred pounds, for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor Mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St. Paul, *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; but if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride; witneſs what Mr. Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging Preſents, though I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged: I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill phyſic, and I will have your coming inſcribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who uſed to correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and

profeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of theſe letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs. Pope whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good Chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

October 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled, and in the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declined accepting *; and have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my beſt excuſes by a Letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſhed; and I have no proſpect, but in depending wholly upon myſelf, and my own conduct. As I am uſed

* This appointment was treated by all the friends of *Gay*, as a great indignity; and he is ſaid to have felt the diſappointment very ſeverely, and was too much dejected on the occaſion.

uſed to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed, ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition.—You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly—I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the ſame: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if he pleaſed; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of Traitors, our Friends and Admirers)—my Poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in: your name is in it, with ſome others under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits.

> Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
> Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
> Or in the graver Gown inſtruct mankind,
> Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I've ſaid of you in the Poem[1]. Adieu.

[1] We ſee by this, with what judgment Mr. Pope corrected and eraſed. W.

LETTER XXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated: and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a Court. A Miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwell himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper——I am very glad your Opera is finiſhed,

and hope your friends will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill uſed by others.

I have known Courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant: Firſt *, in the trite old maxim of a Miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured: Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſ-ſervice.

Now why does not Pope publiſh his Dulneſs? the rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward—Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency; or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called

* Let every expectant of preferment, in Church and State, carefully attend to, and remember theſe *five* reflections of a man well verſed in Courts.

called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your Opera to-day for ſixpence *, a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve: it is in the *grand gout.*

We are all as full of it *pro modulo noſtro* as London can be; continually acting, and houſes crammed, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath †, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a Succeſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, &c. We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of the applauſe of the ſong *That was level'd at me*, when two great Miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will

* Some of thoſe ſongs that contained the ſevereſt ſatire againſt the Court were written by Pope; particularly,

"Thro' all the employments of Life,"—

and alſo,

"Since Laws were made," &c.

† A hint that might have been worked up with much humour: as was the quarrel of *Locket* and *Peachum.*

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at Courts, and bid Ministers——

Ever preserve some spice of the Alderman, and prepare against Age and Dulness, and Sickness, and Coldness or Death of Friends. A Whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed Poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's Messo-tinto*. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and University lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir——the trouble of a letter: when Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the

* This was Miss *Lavinia Fenton*. She afterwards became Duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong good sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well-made; though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord *Bathurst*, and Lord *Granville*. Quin thought the success of this Opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of *Macheath*, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till *Polly* sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words

"For on the rope that hangs my dear
"Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the Air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the Lover who afterwards married her.

the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the Miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole, and ſo adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

POPE charges himſelf with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his [m] *Dulneſs* grows and flouriſhes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his Patrons from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to ſee themſelves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear

[m] The Dunciad. W.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin). Dear Swift, take care of your health; I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better *à la Bruyere*. *Nouriſſer bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais**: *laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux ſonges: lever vous tard, et aller à l'Egliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné*. As to myſelf (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little) I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to uſe a Gardener's phraſe), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at leaſt of you: I love you for a thouſand things, for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that

* The whole of this pleaſant receipt is taken from the Lutrin of Boileau.

that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court abſolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocraſy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the Britiſh Journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our moſt abſtruſe ſtudies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majeſty's Waterman), that I can ſcarce obtain a categorical anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to 'em. But the Opera ſucceeds extremely, to yours and my extreme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this poſt to give you a full account. I have been in a worſe condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: ſo it muſt be in you, and in poſterity to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourſelf.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New-England, wherein you'll find a real perſon a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller hath travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks chriſtened already by the name of the ſuppoſed Author. But if you object that no child ſo lately chriſtened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to ſolve the riddle) that the perſon is an *anabaptiſt*, and not chriſtened till full age, which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his thouſand pounds[n]: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two

[n] Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his thouſand pounds, he had a conſultation with his friends about the diſpoſal of it. Mr. Lewis adviſed him to intruſt it to the funds, and live upon the intereſt: Dr. Arbuthnot, to intruſt it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchaſing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only ſay with the old man in Terence,

——*feciſtis probe,*
Incertior ſum multo, quam dudum. W.

two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæſar—as Cato ſaid, for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people to domineer in: nay they would not, by their good-will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the reſt of the world. As for thoſe Scribblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs*, (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name *The Dunciad,*) how much that neſt of Hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you, when you read the Treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and (as Tully calls it) *in conſuetudine Studiorum.* Would to God our perſons could but as well, and as ſurely, be inſeparable! I find my other Ties dropping from me: ſome worn off, ſome torn off, others relaxing daily: my greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long helped and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me juſtly

juſtly to be both to her; and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the leſs fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhould be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable: your deafneſs would agree with my Dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear. But God forbid you ſhould be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhould loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; ſo that though the pleaſanteſt thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier; next to that it pleaſes me, that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my deſign in falling upon theſe Authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater

than

than their inſincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myſelf)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of theſe inſects,

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Neſcio quid majus naſcitur Iliade.

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Neſcio quid*, which is a degree of modeſty; but however if it ſilence theſe fellows°, it muſt be ſomething greater than any Iliad in Chriſtendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleaſure ſhewn the New England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Forteſcue ſent you an account from the aſſizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cauſe there, and loſt it on his ill reputation of being a liar. Theſe are not the only obſervations I have made upon odd ſtrange accidents in trifles, which

° It did, in a little time, effectually ſilence them. W.

which in things of great importance would have been matter for Hiſtorians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well performed; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for conſtant diet before Partridges: I mean a middle kind both for underſtanding and fortune, who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go with them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both

ſummers

ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſekeeper, who hath been my *W—lp—le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of Liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*——there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its taſk, *diſcedat uti conviva ſatur.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another: only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes, and one of us (I won't ſay which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (ſince you call it ſo) is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in ſeven years; for you deſpiſe the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill effect on your temper: and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperior principle of virtue, but from your ſituation, which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt Miniſter——Your long letter was the laſt I received, till this by Dr. Delany, although

although you mention another ſince. The Dr. told me your ſecret about the Dunciad, which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters, and have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converſe with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly deſcribed them to you, but when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe, and I ſhall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs. Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own: if I were five-and-twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt Letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or reſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the Univerſity-lads will crowd to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty; ſo neceſſary

for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which Philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better huſbanded without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks; but his attention is ſomewhat diverted by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourſelf and me; though he ſays that he doubts he ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſures like Anthony. It is upon a foreſight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that his ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a Biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his

his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I overheard him yeſterday agree with a Painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf: there, though his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong; and he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Teſtimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and Notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like beſt[p]; whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial

[p] Dr. Swift did ſo. W.

trivial Critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the *Dunciad* in an Iriſh edition (I ſuppoſe full of faults) which a gentleman ſent me. The notes I could wiſh to be very large, in what relates to the perſons concerned; for I have long obſerved that twenty miles from London nobody underſtands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate—When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have filled it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages I had

had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the Poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I inſiſt, you muſt have your Aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have adviſed above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, etc. and among many complaints of ſpurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of, This excellent author, etc. and refine in many places where you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances?

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer-on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate Man Godward, and the moſt intemperate your ſelf-ward, of

moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money: Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and Cullibility. He hath as little fore-ſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: the fall from a million to a hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: beſides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from Exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs You, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of Mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a Philoſopher—and Gay is a Slave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I HAVE paſt ſix weeks in queſt of health and found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots, or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit, but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable lady. I conclude (though I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at

the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed and inſerted in the Poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing further how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of Scribblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am ſo Atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of Wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I LIVED very eaſily in the country: Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred, and deſirous to improve her underſtanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amuſing improvements, and writing family verſes of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſt very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I ſee no creature but my ſervants and my old Preſbyterian houſe-keeper, denying myſelf to every body, till I ſhall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it ſhould have happened to be true, I would have deſired to have had acceſs to him as the ſituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve *, whom I loved from my

* He was certainly one of the moſt polite, pleaſing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been ſaid of him, as of *Cowley*, "You would not, from his converſation, have known him to be a Wit and a Poet, it was ſo unaſſuming

my youth, and who ſurely, beſides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to ſquander away a very good conſtitution in his younger days; and I think a man of ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience to preſerve his health for the ſake of his friends, as well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I could not much deſire the continuance of his life under ſo much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight upon my ſpirits

and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a ſtrenuous Whig, to the favour of Lord Oxford. It is remarkable, that on its firſt publication, Congreve thought the *Tale of a Tub* groſs and inſipid. Swift, in a copy of Verſes to Dr. Delany, ſpeaks thus of Congreve's fortune and ſituation:

Thus, Congreve ſpent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd his ſtation
To be Mecænas of the Nation,
For Poets open tables kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy tho' they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A Shilling to diſcharge his Chair;
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's Fire to Party Zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter ſcene;
Took proper principles to thrive;
And ſo might every Dunce alive.

This picture is unfair and over-charged; for the honour of Government, Congreve had ſeveral good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income.

ſpirits ſince we loſt him; though I ſaw him ſo ſeldom, and poſſibly if he had lived on, ſhould never have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh as you aſk me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving perſon, but almoſt that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured Phyſician, a fine gentleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they paſs the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of theſe at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more moved than at the loſs of his cat: he offends nobody, is eaſy with every body——Is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too, but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper, and yet I cannot ſay I love it, for I do not love my Lord —— who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's ſecond Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the deſign of collecting, writing, etc. This is the anſwer of every ſinner who defers his repentance. I wiſh Mr. Pope was as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to ſee truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the duſt——I find myſelf diſpoſed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo ignoble, that it deſcends even to reſent the folly and baſeneſs of the enſlaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leiceſterſhire, who amuſed himſelf with mending pitchforks and ſpades for his Tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly croſs the channel and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude that Providence hath ordered our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troubleſome

to

to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are ſpurious except one paper [q], for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip uſed to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Miniſter, have ſuffered an Act to paſs through the H. of C——s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L——s to throw it out: becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the Qualification-Bill relating to Penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me, that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in

[q] Entitled *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.* W.

in debt. I am forced to play a ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a madding, merely for want of better game. *Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim, etc.*—— The D—— take thoſe politics, where a Dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the Dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *Oh mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus.* Pray, my Lord, how are the Gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head-land ſown with wheat; and what ſays Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.——I built a wall five years ago, and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs: I have likewiſe ſeen a Monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and ſo I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are

not

not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my preſent diſpoſition, which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſince nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to myſelf. I deſire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it would be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart: I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you do me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own; ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a newspaper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory; which

you

you often promiſed Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than that it is the parent of Liberty and Eaſe, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a ſilly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim *, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have Money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Reſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabbs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at Backgammon, though ſhe is a bungler, and the game be

* I am afraid that he had money as much in his *heart* as his *head*. As he advanced in years he grew ſhamefully parſimonious.

be Eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari;* the commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome Modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe, it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to

think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all "times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philoſophers, and Chriſtians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I ſay this becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the Era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with my wine, walking ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epiſtola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finiſhed my Letter to Ariſtippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having

having heard from others that ſhe was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are ſo much younger, although you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were founder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great Library always makes me melancholy *, where the beſt Author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little Library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke,) more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almoſt incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of Spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to diſtinguiſh myſelf, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be uſed like a Lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no

* In *Monteſquieu's Perſian Letters*, there is an admirable one upon this ſubject.

no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and ſix horſes. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never loved to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this than I corrected myſelf, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, etc. who "was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you for your deſire that I would record our friendſhip in verſe, which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Auguſt 11, 1729.

I AM very ſenſible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires, which however I find with ſome comfort do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half year; ſo I am like a horſe, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country *, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them

* There are many acute and new obſervations on the ſtate of Ireland, in *Berkley's Queriſt;* by which he appears to be as great a *Patriot* and *Politician*, as in his other works he is a *Philoſopher* and *Divine*.

them to wear their own manufactures even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs, but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a Philoſopher: and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, (if ſhe be ſtill alive,) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues, *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinched in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen

to

to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon, one tenth part ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a Gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid your fortune was increaſed 100*l.* a year ſince I left you? you ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no uſurer more wiſhes to be richer (or rather to be ſurer of his rents). But I am not half ſo moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live eaſily under double to what you are ſatisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.** and live on the intereſt without decreaſing the principal one penny;

* He gained, we ſee, a conſiderable ſum by his writings. Enough has been ſaid of Milton's ſelling his *Paradiſe Loſt* for ten pounds. Tonſon gave Dryden only two hundred and fifty guineas for ten thouſand verſes to make up the volume of his Fables. It may be of uſe to inform young adventurers, that Thomſon ſold his *Winter* to Millan for only three guineas. He gained but little more for his *Summer*. The year after, when he roſe in reputation, 1728, Andrew Millar gave him fifty guineas for his *Summer*. This was his firſt connexion with Thomſon, whom he ever afterwards honoured and aſſiſted if called upon. Dr. Young received of Dodſley two hundred guineas for the three firſt *Night*

penny; but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him. I hope he is grown more diſengaged from his intentneſs on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is quite the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dextrous diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurſt, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no Lady at Court. God bleſs you for being a greater Dupe than I; I love that character too myſelf, but want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

October 9, 1729.

IT pleaſes me that you received my books at laſt: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome parts of the Commentary, etc. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendſhip between us, and to ſhew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: if in any particular any thing be ſtated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You'll find the Octavo rather more correct than

Night Thoughts. Dr. Akenſide one hundred and twenty guineas for his *Pleaſures of Imagination*; and Mallet the ſame ſum for his *Amyntor and Theodora*. Some modern Bookſellers behave to authors with much liberality and generoſity.

than the Quarto, with ſome additions to the Notes and Epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been increaſed by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnaſſus; I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you, and wiſh you removed from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me and about me than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf: but a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my wordly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Don't be angry; I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it alive, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die, I ſhould be aſhamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay aſſures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and ſacred; he ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendſhip and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer, with the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſbury. He is the ſame man: ſo is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur*—Poor Mrs. * is like the reſt, ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer nobody to pull it out. The Court-Lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, becauſe you like to ſee the inſide of a Court, which I do not. I have ſeen her but twice. You have a deſperate hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you ſhould draw mine, if I were conſcious of any guilt: but if I were conſcious only of folly, God ſend it! for as nobody can detect a great fault ſo well as you, nobody would ſo well hide a ſmall one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vaſt deal for a Courtier. I can aſſure you that Lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I muſt

throw

throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acqaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth Luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the Farce. Might not my life* be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce?* ſome Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole

* Bolingbroke is reported in a Letter written to *Pouilly* to have ſaid, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men living fit to reign." Voltaire, in the xiith volume of his Letters, denies this anecdote; and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que diſait à ſes compagnons la plus fameuſe Catin de Londres: Mes ſœurs, Bolingbroke eſt declaré aujourdhui Secretaire d'Etat; ſept mille guinées de rente, mes ſœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears, by *Voltaire's* Letters, vol. i. p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at *La Source* near *Orleans*, with Lord *Bolingbroke;* to whom he communicated the firſt ſketches of the *Henriade*, and received from him the higheſt commendations.

whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your Hero. I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne* does ſomething like it in one of his Rhapſodies. To tell you my reaſons would be to write an eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneaſy. You know that I am too expenſive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of deſcending without anxiety two or three ſtages more. In ſhort (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm

* Yet there are few writers that give us ſuch an inſight into human nature, as this old Prater.

farm in Middleſex, you ſhall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peeviſh with thoſe whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, inſtead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little diſpoſition to frugality as any man alive. You ſay, you are no philoſopher, and I think you are in the right to diſlike a word which is ſo often abuſed; but I am ſure you like to follow reaſon, not cuſtom (which is ſometimes the reaſon and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now to be ſure of doing this, you muſt wear your philoſophical ſpectacles as conſtantly as the Spaniards uſed to wear theirs. You muſt make them part of your dreſs, and ſooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your ſcarf, or even that emblematical veſtment your ſurplice. Through this medium you will ſee few things to be vexed at, few perſons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wiſh altered, and perſons whom we ought to wiſh hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his Entrance into life; and yet you confeſs, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your ſentiment is true and natural; your reaſoning, I am afraid, is not ſo upon this occaſion. Prudence will make us deſire Fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own

own good, and the good of ſociety. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propoſe Fame as the end; and good, or at leaſt great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſtertity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own; I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this paſſion or this direction of ſelf-love, into your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes.* But now whether we conſider Fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardor. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired

moſt

moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us: towards our exit, this ſcene of action is or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear: you are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch

ſuperior

ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you; ſhe's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten Luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter: it is you were my Hero, but

the other[r] never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him*, in the beginning of your miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it than yours: for, I declare yours was *unie*, and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wiſhes it too, and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.——I was forty-ſeven[s] years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its name, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretenſions from perſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſons; you born to a great fortune: yet I ſee you, with all your advantages, ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I ſee you as much eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almoſt impoſſible) than ever

[r] Lord Oxford. W.

* This is a remarkable ſentence; as it conveys a depreciating idea of Lord *Oxford*, whom we had imagined *Swift* preferred to *Bolingbroke*.

[s] The year of Queen Anne's death. W.

ever you were in your higheſt exaltation—only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr. Pope,) I do not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind: and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no Eccleſiaſtical, but an Epictetian phraſe,) could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanry? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment was tried——No, God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag; Retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his Lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba, ignava opera:* I wiſh you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to,) but I cannot endure that *Otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have ſaid of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what

is

is a kind of *ſubſidium*, I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The D —— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 31, 1729.

You were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our poverty, and dulneſs the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolick, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience for ſuch amuſements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought * there are not two hundred thouſand pounds in ſpecie in the whole iſland; for we return thrice as much to our Abſentees, as we get by trade, and ſo are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print theſe ten years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat what, I believe, I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſpoſition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B——

about

* This is a very melancholy picture of the ſtate of Ireland, and it muſt be hoped does not reſemble that kingdom in its preſent ſtate.

about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paltry figure in the ſtation I am: but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part, you are baſe, becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as ever was, of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

November 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I loved you almoſt twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: whilſt my mind

grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return oftener, they buſy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos,*) begin to feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety? There is no one thought which ſoothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty [t] of the intellect comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I ſay, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted

[t] Viz. *Reaſon.* Tully (to whom the letter-writer ſeems to allude) obſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion, where, ſpeaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he ſays, *Neſcio quomodo, dum lego, adſentior: eum poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adſentio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero ſeems to have had but a confuſed notion of the *cauſe* of the ſlippery nature of this aſſent, which the Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but ſeverer *reaſon* corrects and diſclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his Lordſhip's *firſt Philoſophy*, (where this whole matter is explained at large,) it came at laſt into the hands of the Public. W.

quitted the design of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurprize and anger you. However I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earneſt; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original [u]. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

[u] *Eſſay on Man.* W.
On which, therefore, it appears, he was employed in 1729.

LETTER XLIV.

November 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a Wit*. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determined to ſay nothing that one could not ſay prettily! I lately received from the widow of one dead correſpondent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what degrees I ceaſed to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations!

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito ingenio*, and makes

* He uſed to value himſelf on this particular. W.

makes a wall for a horſe: then cries, "We wiſe men "muſt think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity: all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another [x], whoſe concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of hope no farther. *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*—etc.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudibly as to paper, print, etc. for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my Commentator tells you,) being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It's certain, as he can never expect any favour [y], his motive

[x] His Mother's. W.

[y] He was miſtaken in this. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. W.

motive muſt be wholly diſintereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wiſh you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England.—It is very poſſible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would not be un-attended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt that can come of it is a miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy, and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr. Wycherly; ſome letters of whom (by the bye) and of mine the Bookſellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine

mine and yours[z]. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing in it for me to be aſhamed of, becauſe I will not be aſhamed of any thing I do not do myſelf, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the Poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it). I admire, on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would, do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together.——I will fully repreſent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, etc. He is an extreme honeſt man, and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr. * of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole Life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip

[z] See the occaſion in the ſecond and third Paragraphs of the Preface to the firſt Volume of Letters. W.

ſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole,) that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two, to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you know, I am no enemy to the preſent Conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a well-wiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabliſhed, as any Miniſter in or out of employment whatever; or any Biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic; ſo I live, ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkley, and Mr. Hutchenſon, in that place. To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this pacquet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing but recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honeſt man: moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honeſt. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you can propagate Mr. Weſtley's ſubſcription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among ſuch as are believers, or readers, of Scripture: even the curious may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the Church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me! I therefore think it ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public*, ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, etc. Tully did not, and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Hiſtorians and Poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber.—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit

* A juſt and ſenſible criticiſm on Epiſtolary writings, which we ſhould bear in our minds whilſt we are reading this collection of Letters.

ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.——I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within theſe few weeks,) I ſhall nurſe her in this farm with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

LORD B. TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 17, 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant, and as ſhe has been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be yours with the ſame.

Would to God you was within her reach! She would, I believe, preſcribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the Books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the courſe of the cure; and though our beſt Botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chemiſtry the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you

have done before him. I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation * is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons: National corruption † muſt be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deſerve this attention, becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

* Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his Philoſophical works, intending to depreciate Chriſtianity by ſhewing that it has not had a general effect on the morals of mankind, nor produced a real Reformation:—an argument nothing to the purpoſe, nor any impeachment of the Doctrines of the Goſpel; even if it were well founded, as it certainly is not.

† France affords a ſtriking example of this truth.

LETTER XLVII.

LORD B. TO DR. SWIFT.

March 29.

I HAVE delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet a going, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates,) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are

ſoon

ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy, for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our Divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour refreſhed, ſerene and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force, would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for myſelf, but I muſt tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak: the ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution; we keep it off ſometimes, but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you,

that I admire her more* every hour of my life: death is not to her the King of Terrors; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf.——You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old Philoſophers, which were the preſents, Munuſcula, that Stoical Fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every Epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yeſterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years, thoſe cares

* She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a very beautiful perſon, and very agreeable manners. Her letters are written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much obſervation. Madame de *Maintenon* mentions her in her letters. Dr. *Trapp* told me that Lord Bolingbroke boaſting one day of his former gallantries, ſhe ſaid to him, ſmiling, "When I look at you, methinks I ſee the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceaſed to flow."

cares which are now as neceſſary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes very much ſoftens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other ties of the like domeſtic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs through, juſt pay your hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I juſt now writing (or rather planning) a book*, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour.—And juſt now too I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courteſy of England.—*Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet) eamus,

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am

Yours.

* He means his Eſſay on Man; and alludes to the arguments he uſes to make men ſatisfied even with their *preſent* ſtate, without looking to another. Young wrote his Night Thoughts in direct oppoſition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable.

LETTER XLVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

You may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come over this ſpring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that hiſtorical taſk, which you have ſet me theſe many years. I am in hopes of ſome materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propoſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I muſt accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be ſurprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important ſubject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except ſacred authority, and that I have ventured to ſtart a thought, which muſt, if it is puſhed as ſucceſsfully, as I think it is, render all your Metaphyſical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expreſſion in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am perſuaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous againſt it, if it was to be ſubmitted to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it ſhall. The paſſage I mean, is that where you ſay that you told

told Dr. * the Grand points of Chriſtianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations [a], etc.

It has happened, that, whilſt I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago: he was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in great haſte to print. He left me with eight diſſertations †, a ſmall

[a] In this maxim all *bigotted Divines* and *free-thinking Politicians* agree: the one, for fear of diſturbing the eſtabliſhed Religion; the other, leſt that diſturbance ſhould prove injurious to their adminiſtration of the ſtate. And would they be content to take theſe points for granted themſelves, without injuring thoſe, in their fortunes and reputation, who are for inquiring into, and ſettling them on, their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their *piety* or their *wiſdom*: but when they begin to perſecute thoſe who venture to aſſume this natural liberty, then they unmaſk their hypocriſy and Machivelianiſm. W.

† The work here alluded to, was the firſt volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation examined with Candour;" publiſhed 1732: a work written in a very florid and declamatory ſtyle, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity, than of ſound reaſon and argument. Witneſs, the firſt Diſſertation on the forbidden Fruit; the ſecond, concerning the Knowledge of the Brute World conveyed to Adam: the third, of the Knowledge of Marriage given to Adam: the ſixth, concerning the Difficulties and Objections that lie againſt the Moſaic Account of the Fall: the fifteenth, on ſome Difficulties relating to Noah's Ark conſidered. The ſame may be ſaid of this Author's *Life of King David*. The beſt of his works ſeem to be his *Reflections on Polygamy*. Dr. Delany was an amiable, a benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far ſuperior to that of the ableſt controverſial writer. His defence of Revelation is of a very different caſt from ſuch ſolid and maſterly works as the Biſhop of Landaff's *Apology for the Bible*, and Archdeacon Paley's *Evidences of Chriſtianity*.

ſmall part, as I underſtand, of his work, and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon are begged in a diſputation of this ſort, and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I can, for I eſteem the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement, and exerciſe, your notions are true: the firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being ſavage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too ſoon, a Free-man.—Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; though ſome of 'em I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious

about

about it: yet no way out of humour, diſappointed, or angry: though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I paſs almoſt all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myſelf) is as much eſtranged from politics as I am. Let Philoſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than Politics, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as Divinity: I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but Satire, and thoſe who are aſhamed of nothing elſe, are ſo of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, ſome good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll deſire ſome account of my health: it is as uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taſte or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing elſe. I have perſonal obligations, which I will ever preſerve, to men of different ſides, and I wiſh nothing ſo much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or ſatirical ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of Party: and it is the greateſt vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to ſubjects moral, uſeful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ——'s Book is what I can't commend ſo much

as Dean Berkley's [c], though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad Populum*, is, I think, purely *ad Clerum*. Adieu.

[c] A very lively and ingenious book, called, *The Minute Philoſopher*. W.

A book that deſerves a much higher encomium than being *lively* and *ingenious*; as containing, perhaps, a ſtronger defence of *Revelation* than the *Divine Legation of Moſes*.

LETTERS

OF

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

From the Year 1729 to 1732[d].

LETTER XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace that ſhe is a general Toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the

[d] Found among Mr. Gay's Papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queenſberry and Mr. Pope. P.

the face of my Whig ſubjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the intereſt money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits and manners and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good: but you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wiſh you had 100*l.* a year more for horſes—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the beſt walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wiſh you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Embaſſies, the Miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Miniſtre:* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parſon of Saliſbury reckoned twice the Stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgments to my Lady Ducheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother who was long my principal Goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which

happens

happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of Poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me. I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200*l.* next ſummer in France; I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a She-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which

made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts and diſturbed your converſation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better Genius's than thoſe by whom they are celebrated.—If you ſee Mr. Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub Libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig-printer: it was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know—But my paper is ended.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimſbury ſo late in the year, at which ſeaſon, I take the Country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a court on account of their Virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe favour in the manner * their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret †, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors, and I confeſs at the ſame time, that he had, ſix times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church; the two laſt acts of his favour were to add to

* Namely by patronizing *Gay*.

† The lines which he quoted from Homer, on his death-bed, to Mr. Wood, on occaſion of the Peace, were as happily applied, as the apology he uſed to Swift, for ſome harſh meaſures in Ireland;

——*Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri.——

to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the laſt of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe a domeſtic life is neceſſary, where I can with the Centurion ſay to my ſervants, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a Philoſopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt Folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannon or Theobald, or ſome other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's

Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding Meaſures and Miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: and I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the DUCHESS.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your Duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all Ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs perſon ſent

me

me eleven meſſages * before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needleſs: For Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

* He means Queen *Caroline*; and her neglect of *Gay*, which recommended him to the Ducheſs of Queenſbury.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

YOUR ſituation is an odd one; the Ducheſs is your Treaſurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome Verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do ſo and ſo, etc. like other Treaſurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me: I prove that Poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtue and contempt of money, etc.——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.——But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Ducheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, ſince Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection; I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There,

and

and there only, I expect to have mine, ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it,) the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good Character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe diſadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty barrs length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand at leaſt within three of you, for of two bad

ears, my right is the beſt? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the Parſon of the pariſh play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimſbury. For, I profeſs, you are the firſt Lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714*, and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſeable in a Chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your

* The day on which Queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were loſt.

your Waiting-women. — Pray God preſerve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, etc.

To Mr. GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine? I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; firſt I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers: but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe

twenty years, hath declared he alſo was a Papiſt, and conſequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the Ducheſs in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles, beſides, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you charitable, and ſuch a cully, and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſilliеſt lover in Chriſtendom: if you like Mrs. —— why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand

derſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love, and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay*, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there be no room for me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring you 300*l. per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink——provided you live in the country———Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

Madam,

* There is exquiſite humour and pleaſantry in the affected bluntneſs of this letter, and the elegant compliments paid under the appearance of rudeneſs. *Voiture* has nothing more delicate. Waller's to Sacchariſſa on her marriage, is in the ſame ſtrain, and is a maſter-piece of panegyric under the appearance of ſatire.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſiſtent without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has deſigns upon a Chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe, and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letter hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Aimſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER LIV.

[It is thought proper to ſubjoin the very laſt Letter our Author ever wrote to Dr. Swift.]

Deareſt Sir, May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I ſee your hand, it is the greateſt ſatisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find, that ſeveral of my Letters to teſtify it to you, miſcarry; and you aſk me the ſame queſtions again, which I prolixly have anſwered before. Your laſt, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, enquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my laſt, under his own hand, gave you an account of himſelf; and I employed almoſt a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has ſold *Dawley* for twenty-ſix thouſand pounds, much to his own ſatisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the fineſt country of France, divided between ſtudy and exerciſe; for he ſtill reads or writes five or ſix hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole foreſt of Fontainbleau at his command, with the King's ſtables and dogs, &c. his Lady's ſon-in-law being Governor of that place. She reſides moſt part of the year with my Lord, at a large houſe they have hired, and the reſt with her daughter, who is Abbeſs of a Royal Convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the Queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health.

health. An aſthma has reduced his body, but his ſpirit retains all its vigour: and he is returned, declaring life itſelf not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his houſe in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodneſs of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honeſt. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the moſt conſiderate and mindful women in the world towards others, the leaſt ſo in regard to herſelf. She ſpeaks of you conſtantly. I ſcarce know two more women worth naming to you; the reſt are ladies, run after muſic, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Maſham, when I ſee them. I ſee John Barber ſeldom: but always find him proud of ſome letter from you. I did my beſt with him, in behalf of one of your friends, and ſpoke to Mr. Lyttelton for the other; who was more prompt to catch, than I to give fire, and flew to the Prince that inſtant, who was as pleaſed to pleaſe me.

You aſk me how I am at Court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no Court. The * Prince ſhews me a diſtinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a preſent from him of ſome marble heads of poets for my library, and ſome

* His late Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales.

ſome urns for my garden. The miniſterial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their maſters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them: I am very well with the Courtiers I ever was, or would be acquainted with. At leaſt they are civil to me; which is all I aſk from Courtiers, and all a wiſe man will expect from them. The Ducheſs of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate ſome young people's friendſhip, becauſe they may be honeſt men: whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be ſo; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth *, a Mr. Murray †, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out againſt all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical ſpirit; I am ſinking faſt into proſe: and if I ever write more, it ought (at theſe years, and in theſe times) to be ſomething, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my proteſt (for ſo I call my *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will ſend you. They are an inſertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the ſecond Canto, among the authors who

* Now Earl of Marchmont.

† The late Lord Chief Juſtice.

who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnal*, verſe 300, add theſe:

Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother, at his back;
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of thoſe blind puppies, as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Oſborne*, ſtupified to ſtone;
And needful *Paxton** tells the world with tears,
Theſe are, ah! no; theſe were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amuſement. The firſt is better, as to head-achs; worſe as to weakneſs and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwiſe I want not ſpirits, except when indigeſtions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but ſleep, and am ſtupid enough. I love reading ſtill, better than converſation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when moſt people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the paſt day ſufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myſelf in bed, as a bird in his neſt, much about the ſame time, and riſe and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the ſcene (indeed

* A Solicitor, who procured and paid thoſe writers. Mr. Pope's MS. note. The line is now changed:

And monumental braſs this record bears,
Theſe are, &c.

(indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurſt is ſtill my conſtant friend, and yours; but his country-ſeat is now always in Glouceſterſhire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-ſeat; and in town I ſe him ſeldom; but he always aſks after you. In the ſummer, I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elſewhere. In all theſe rambles, my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled ſo delightfully two ſummers. Why cannot I croſs the ſea? The unhappieſt malady I have to complain of; the unhappieſt accident of my whole life, is that weakneſs of the breaſt, which makes the phyſicians of opinion that a ſtrong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, ſome years ago, with Lord Peterborow about ten leagues at ſea, purely to try if I could ſail without ſea-ſickneſs, and with no other view than to make yourſelf and Lord Bolingbroke a viſit before I died.

But the experiment, though almoſt all the way near the coaſt, had almoſt ended all my views at once. Well then, I muſt ſubmit to live at the diſtance which fortune has ſet us at: but my memory, my affections, my eſteem, are inſeparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S.

P. S. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for ſending Mr. Swift to me; he can tell you more of me.

LETTER LV.

Auguſt 28, 1731.

You and the Ducheſs uſe me very ill, for, I profeſs, I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the handwriting of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Ducheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy, and beſides it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Ducheſs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parſon's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, ſuch as an Engliſh Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle

ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour [e]. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the Whole Duty of Servants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy [f].—I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England; I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe: a Lord Lieutenant told the firſt King George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly his character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thouſand pounds a year——Why, you need not ſtare: it is eaſily applied: I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace——Lo, here comes in the Ducheſs again (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for diſcovering my Art) to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid——Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe

[e] *Wagſtaff's Dialogues of Polite Converſation*, publiſhed in his life-time. W.

[f] An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to Servants in general*, has been publiſhed ſince his death. W.

baſe unromantic ſpirit in me, to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drilled away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a Court of Juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utraſque.* So ſays Cicero, (as your Grace knows,) or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftſman in one of his papers is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly

accidental*; ſome will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you ſay, is paſt doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf: though it is poſſible that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But this is almoſt paſt with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fiſty-cuffs, till they have quite diſabled each other; and the mereſt trifles I ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations, in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee[s].

LETTER LVI.

September 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horſeback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer,

* As were the ſubjects of the *Lutrin*, and *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Diſpenſary*.

[s] His ludicrous prediction was, ſince his death, and very much to his diſhonour, ſeriouſly fulfilled. W.

Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under-ones, that may add another thouſand pound to your ſtock: and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teazed with Dukes and Ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don "Quixote! Queens held his horſe, and Ducheſſes "pulled off his armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow; I can ſay ten times more; O happy, etc. ſuch a Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his Palace. *Nam iſtos reges cæteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vaporing after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; however, ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.—I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines

on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead [h]. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.——It is a great comfort to ſee how corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and Lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected; and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter.—But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my Pride would be always able to preſerve me from Vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Ducheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the

[h] This has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his poems. W.

the work: and I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters under the charge of ſecrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations from two ſuch perſons to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for Your Conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politickly employed in encreaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpening thoſe arms with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide, and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Ducheſs's great ſecret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall

prevent me from receiving, ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

Madam,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſate up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the laſt Aimſbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex to a ſtrange kind of man whom ſhe never ſaw; and this is all I can find, which, after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect, wherewith I am,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

LETTER LVII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

December 1, 1731.

You uſed to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you ſpeak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe, you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you, and therefore pleaſe me by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you: I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great viſits, and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependant. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving, ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the Ducheſs (ſhe is

ſuch a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I don't pretend that I am equally ſaving with S——k. Mr. Lewis deſired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion; but ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating book-ſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancied there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on, and 'tis probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500 *l.* Mr. Pelham, 500 *l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon, 500 *l.* Gen. Hill, 500 *l.* Lord Maſſam's ſon, 500 *l.*

You

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed. Therefore, as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady —— took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelve-month; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake why all this ſcruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay

ſhall

ſhall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.——Though ſuch proſpects as I wiſh, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop; or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine; which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are larger Parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finiſh it[1]. I am happy whenever you join our names together: ſo would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing: for his darling ſon is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtoop'd to treat one another; ſurely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, etc. to the diverſion of that rabble of

[1] The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the beſt of his performances, but very characteriſtic. W.

of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, etc. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you ſee what I am now writing *, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make mankind leſs Admirers, and greater Reaſoners. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of Being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, though not diminiſh'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my Mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, etc. If greater pains arrive (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm) the ſervants bathe and plaſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me, and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſt near you, and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it.——All you mention remember you, and wiſh you here.

* This was ſaid whilſt he was employed on the Eſſay on Man, not yet publiſhed, 1731.

LETTER LVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Ducheſs, which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Aimſbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is inſulting me, for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your viſiting-place, *(experto crede)* ſave eleven pence, and get a half a crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and, to increaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your Great acquaintance; in ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches

teaches that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and volatile as ever, juſt the reverſe of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own, but I profeſs I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Ducheſs, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do: as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune: you are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity.

Be

Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family and neighbouring ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? can you ſet the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Ducheſs's women admire your wit? in what eſteem are you with the Vicar of the pariſh? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country ſkill is in fiſhing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore deſire you will ſhew this letter to the Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news, I buried the famous General Meredith's father laſt night in my Cathedral; he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink

drink in a day? My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething; there is no writing I eſteem more than Fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint; I found a Moral firſt and ſtudied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was to repreſent what ſcoundrels ariſe in armies by a long War, wherein I ſuppoſed the Lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, etc. I agree with you

likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage, which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England: but, pray, take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins, without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that, when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health——and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs ——and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philoſophers) would ſtarve

ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your Inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la Bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Aimſbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town, and yet I am aſſured that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace to be better eſtabliſhed upon your return to Aimſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were

in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in this letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt; and fortune is ever againſt me, but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance, ſhe hath pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that ſix months hath not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf by continuing a month at Aimſbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the invincible Lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a bratt in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble, etc.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Auguſt 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South-ſea * ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum Copia.* Horace deſired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint which muſt come by chance,

* Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured ſome money in the famous South-ſea ſcheme. And there was a print by *Hogarth*, repreſenting Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat perſonage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, deſigned for a figure of Gay; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young Duke of Cumberland. To ſuch ſubjects, it is to be wiſhed that Hogarth had always confined the powers of his pencil. "His *Sigiſmunda*," ſays Mr. Walpole, "is a maudlin ſtrumpet, juſt turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and uſquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. And as to his ſcene from Milton, *Hell* and *Death* have loſt their terrors; and *Sin* is diveſted of all powers of temptation."

chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 *l.* a year: and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be Miniſter of Aimſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and Prebendary of Weſtminſter, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y has got a wife with 1600 *l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thouſand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know

know whether the Vicar of Aimſbury can play at back-gammon? pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the DUCHESS.

Madam,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world*, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you, upon

* One of the laſt, and moſt elegant compliments, which this ſingular Lady, after having been celebrated by ſo many former Wits and Poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his Works, p. 65, which compliment turns, with a happy propriety, on the peculiar circumſtance of her Grace's having never changed her dreſs, according to the faſhion, but retained that which had been in vogue when ſhe was a young beauty.

Say, ſhall a Bard in theſe late times,
Dare to addreſs his trivial rhimes
To her whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every Bard, who breath'd a lay
Of happier vein, was fond to chuſe
The Patroneſs of every Muſe?

Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's ſevere eſteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence ſhould receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve?
He will; and boldly ſay in print
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint,
Who told him that the preſent ſcene
Of dreſs, and each prepoſterous faſhion,
Flow'd from ſupineneſs in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That women were oblig'd to try
All ſtratagems to catch the eye,

 And

upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer; "Well, "I am determined not to accept the employment "of Gentleman-uſher:" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you, (though compariſons be odious,) what I ſaid to the ——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: my compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural and ſincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your

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And many a wild vagary play
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the fair—
This may be true—but have a care;
Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own aſſertion, and my ſong,
Whoſe beauty, undiſguis'd by art,
Has charm'd ſo much, and charm'd ſo long.

your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cauſe; from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the Miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent Lady be who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off, and when you

ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you though you be Duke and Ducheſs, though I have been of others who are, etc. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Aimſbury, before I ſee your Grace I will have an hour's converſation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobſon, and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were god-mother to her ſon Jacky.

I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, October 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment. ——I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent Miniſtry, much leſs to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the politic of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known; for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and beſides I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the Miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand,

hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the Poſt-officers, that ſince Wit and Learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor Dulneſs and Ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you'll hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with ſaying; That I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am ſure, your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill-taſte for Wit, in preferring two old-faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle, as none of them can underſtand.——You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which you ſay are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but

abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury, with a great load of Merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandize at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed? I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the Lady who wiſhed ſhe could give the beſt living, etc. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame Lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle, and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe Dupe he was, as well as of her Waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartieſt prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain

Your Grace's, etc.

LETTER LXII.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT, habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me, the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect; I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleaſed with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you (either verſe or proſe) I can only ſay, that I have ordered by my Will, that all my papers of any kind ſhall be delivered you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt, but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, ſay to myſelf a thouſand times, *non eſt tanti.* As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleaſed to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things written in the country; family amuſements, never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours: or ſome effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three

years

years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and called it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was reprinted in London, and, I find, you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one half-penny: and ſo it dropt. In the Volume you ſaw (to anſwer your queſtions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt ſlovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—'s Preface, merely for lazineſs, not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are in proſe a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in Verſe a Libel on Dr. D— and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D— on the Libels writ againſt him; the Barrack (a ſtolen Copy); the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dreſſing-room (a ſtolen Copy); the Plea of the Damn'd (a ſtolen Copy); all theſe have

have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England.) Beſides theſe there are five or ſix (perhaps more) Papers of Verſes writ in the North, but perfect Family-things*, two or three of which may be tolerable; the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young Clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a paſſage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath ſomething upon the ſame Thought. This young Man† is the moſt hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D— is one of his Patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence;

* A very excellent name for ſuch ſort of familiar verſes, which never riſe above daily topics, and the *chat* of the times. The greateſt part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not of any work of the Dean's that can be ſtrictly called *poetical*. Our *Bards* of this ſpecies are numerous.

† His name was Pilkington, and he was huſband of the lady who wrote memoirs of her own life.

ſence; after which he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profeſs, I grow gradually ſo dry, that a Rhime with me is almoſt as hard to find as a Guinea; and even profe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four ſhilling Volume, and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs[k]. Nay I have another of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr.— who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and, I believe, the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is becauſe they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and

[k] Polite Converſation.

and girls, who love to be noiſy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love, ſo long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXIII.

[1]MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

December 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered me two letters (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt tyes I have ever had, is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them

[1] "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: received December "15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulſe, foreboding "ſome Misfortune." [This note is indorſed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.] P.

them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.——Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shewn, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels; it was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Phyſicians beſides myſelf. I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs, being with great affection and reſpect, Sir,

Your, etc.

ARBUTHNOT.

LETTER LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr. Gay, upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this Kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of

friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport; but in the former caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wiſh, that with thoſe already extant, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your Poem on the Uſe of Riches hath been juſt printed here, and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſe abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces, of the ſame bulk, to be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.——Doctor Delany preſents you his moſt humble

ſervice:

ſervice: he behaves himſelf very commendably, converſes only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the ſtreets as uſual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generoſity, cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant, and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a moſt worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——, which, I deſire, may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his Modeſty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice: I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a Lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often Poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend

to ſuch a Lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſbury will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy* (which our poor

* It was intitled, *The Wife of Bath*; in truth it is but an indifferent Comedy. This ſecond volume of the Fables is much inferior to the firſt: particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable; which read like party-pamphlets.

poor friend gave to the play-houſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome Fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings; (for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing alſo for my own, and have nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *Jeux d' Eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be deny'd, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miſcellanies) to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt Volume of Miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all "that we have ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D——, and the beſt Panegyric on myſelf, that either my own

times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt even before it was publiſhed, and another thing of mine, which is a Parody[m] from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent Work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon: but you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt * is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that

[m] Sat. i. Lib. ii. W.

* He himſelf, we ſee, calls this piece a *Letter*, not a *Dialogue*, as it was afterwards entitled.

that they were publiſhed in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhew their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a truer idea, though it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood when conſidered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often, thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable.

I am pleaſed and flattered by your expreſſion of *Orna me*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be loved or adorned. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion (from their extraordinary paſſion for Poetry, and their boundleſs Hoſpitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an anſwer to that point), and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and ſenſible to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferred to ſee France firſt, to which country,

country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him incloſed in the common way, as I do to you: innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give 'em free leave to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way eſteemable: my Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wiſhes for you: the whole liſt of perſons to whom you ſent your ſervices, return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction. ——Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epiſtle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critic, in your abſence, to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre:* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age ſo ſore of Satire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left, ſucceeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXVI.

April 2, 1733.

You ſay truly, that death is only terrible to us as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love, but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loſs of Mr. Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thoughts of going away myſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſhed vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, undeſigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and chearfully: whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know it will be exactly

exactly what region or ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm ſorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unleſs you will do it for me (and that I ſhall like as well): upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither, for this reaſon among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cauſe of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch, as no man can be angry at but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe Courtiers, and Spies, etc. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be ſuch a Satiriſt as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philoſopher. You call your ſatires, Libels; I would rather call my ſatires, Epiſtles: they will conſiſt more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you

will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my antagoniſts to be witty (if they can) and content myſelf to be uſeful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord *'s performance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended and poſt-diſapproved, ſo far as to be diſowned by themſelves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with ſome complaints †, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſioned by my verſes: I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you.—I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that Poem °, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praiſe ſo kindly, and yet, I think, I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your Collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my Epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have tranſlated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you

† At this time there was a great outcry among all the Courtiers, againſt the keenneſs of his Satires.

° The ironical Libel on Dr. Delany. W.

you adviſing me about my expences, houſekeeping, etc. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhimes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will ſit till Midſummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer than ſo late as autumn: you uſed to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, etc. Courts I ſee not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappineſs, and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at Court call happineſs. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mixed with ſhort ſighs,) ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your Letter the ſooner becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himſelf.* It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impoſtor ſays in his Dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And although I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one ſingle line, or thought, is contained in this Impoſture, although it appears that they

they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more: I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me, as I am ſure you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I moſt deſpiſe: I would ſink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with ſuch a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy diſorder more or leſs is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I lived amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your Ill-nature in not letting the honeſt Villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs; and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the moſt happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will ſwear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention

came

came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is againſt general Villany, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfied, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will enſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hanged than ſee his works ſwelled by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves, thoſe which ought not to be ſeen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed ſeparately like opuſcula, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſired it, but to nobody elſe; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a ſhort Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion). I have nothing againſt yours, but the laſt line, *Striking their aching;* the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound

too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you, is to be a ſevere Critic on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600 *l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two ſervants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wine, and ſervants, but with him not.—The Collection you ſpeak of is this. A Printer * came to me to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid they could not be printed in London. I anſwered they could, if the Partners agreed. He ſaid, he "would be glad of my permiſſion, but as he could "print them without it, and was adviſed that it "could do me no harm, and having been aſſured of "numerous ſubſcriptions, he hoped I would not be "angry

* George Faulkner, of Dublin, who printed theſe four volumes of his works.

" angry at his purſuing his own intereſt," etc. Much of this diſcourſe paſt, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind This is the truth of the ſtory.

My Vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quæ Virtus*, etc. You will obſerve in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt Earneſtneſs and Truth.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praiſe, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my

Morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleaſed with your Libel, than with any Verſes I ever received. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriſed to receive from the Printer that ſpurious piece, called, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the perſon "who publiſhed it, "had aſſured him the Dedication to me was what I "would not take ill, or elſe he would not have "printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking: though, had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: it will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, "Be ye angry and ſin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable Hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow

upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has cauſed ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER LXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loſs of Mrs. Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me, and ſo much

much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year; Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening, where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues, but moſt frequented a few particular friends,

friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eafy in his fortune, and very hofpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or fummer, do far exceed thofe in London. For the two large ftrands juft at the two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in fummer. There are at leaft fix or eight gentlemen of fenfe, learning, good humour, and tafte, able and defirous to pleafe you; and orderly females, fome of the better fort, to take care of you. Thefe were the motives that I have frequently made ufe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beft people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myfelf, I declare, my health is fo uncertain that I dare not venture amongft you at prefent. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwife than by fhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horfes and two fervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not infult me, like your rafcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and fix. Thus, I make fome advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reafons for what I once writ, why I chufe to be a freeman among flaves, rather than a

ſlave among freemen. Then, I walk the ſtreets in peace, without being juſtled, nor even without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute Lord of the greateſt cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, ſometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc. that grow upon men in years. And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in my Lord and yourſelf, what can you expect from me, whoſe health is ſo precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER LXX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wiſhed to write to you, to ſay a thouſand things; and yet, I think, I ſhould not have writ to you now, if I was not ſick of writing any thing, ſick of myſelf, and (what is worſe) ſick of my friends too. The world is become too buſy for me; every body is ſo concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are loſt, or diſ-reliſhed. I write more to ſhow you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all theſe are to no purpoſe; the world will not live, think, or love as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch that I really believe a ſea-ſickneſs (conſidering the oppreſſion of colical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming poets, digeſt it, I cannot. I like much

much better to be abuſed and half-ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming you: you are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs; Nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is not affectation to tell you, my Mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe as I; as little for any nation in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy you that are not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people who are (at laſt) like the primitive Chriſtians, of

one

one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come *, which I have often wiſhed, but never thought to ſee; when *every mortal, that I eſteem, is of the ſame ſentiment in Politics and Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are buſy, except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LETTER LXXI.

Jan. 6th, 1734.

I NEVER think of you and can never write to you now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talked: the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by Death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſeparated almoſt as eternally by Abſence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your Works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am ſure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourſelf puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick

* This is a remarkable paragraph. At this time therefore, 1733, he and Bolingbroke were of the *ſame ſentiment* in Religion as well as Politics.

ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before 'tis here publiſhed) my Epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declared againſt me by a certain Lord: his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter; I writ a ſort of anſwer, but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B—— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and I think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality * as to public parties, which I have conſtantly obſerved in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch

* Which however he afterwards broke through in 1738.

ſuch men as ſlender and belie my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are Peſts to private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the public, that is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can: if ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable, but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told, a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her that you have not anſwered me on the ſame queſtions, and that I ſhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER LXXII.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand the reaſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am moſt grieved about. Death has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, ſince moſt accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done ſo, you ſeem by not anſwering in a very long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain, from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I would

would ſay to each other (though our own ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office) could hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of thoſe Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe Friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is generally on ſuch little ſcraps that Witlings feed, and it is hard the world ſhould judge of our houſe-keeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the conſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the Epiſtle to a Lady; it was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your Life and Character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myſelf, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as yours, and as commiſſioned by you, which has ſince appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your

pardon

pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh Sea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, though you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe Eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland: I wiſhed it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. 'Tis juſt what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphyſics. I hope, you will live to ſee *, and ſtare at the learned figure he will make, on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You

* After reading this paſſage, can it be believed that Pope did not know the real principles of Bolingbroke?

You ſee how I talk to you (for this is not writing); if you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? if it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a week moſt gladly; but can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the Nothings he can expreſs? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is juſt returned from a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it till I have ſcribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly of my Metaphyſics, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true, I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that kind, and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to

writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip Metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted Eye, and never bewilder themſelves, whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome time ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? *Vale & me ama.*

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my Lord B——'s Poſtſcript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for ſome weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world

world ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo many bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſſibly do in a ſummer ſeaſon; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own intereſts, leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or like a true old man, ſcribbling trifles only fit for children or ſchool-boys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three Treatiſes, that have lain by me ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. ſaid in his Poſtſcript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well, and ſo did ſome others whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart that you are peſtered with people who come in my name, and I profeſs to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I ſhall hardly ever have occaſion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove

them. Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a mind to write below or beſide yourſelf on purpoſe. I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in Morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorſet ſaid to me on that occaſion, How a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the firſt reading thoſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: on the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure encreaſed: on the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent, and ſo I ſhall while I live: it ſaves your money and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe, between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if

I live

I live to read his Metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly ſorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſſed together dwells always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled

by very eaſy journies this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occaſion commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myſelf in a fever highly diſordered, and ſo continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, though not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall re-unite us: but he who made us, not for ours but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you; you are to me like a limb loſt, and buried in another country; though we ſeem quite divided, every

every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would deſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpirit you to beſtow correction upon thoſe three Treatiſes, which you ſay are ſo near completed, I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my Morals, as I've been long ago, of my Wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth) we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphyſical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: but this does not ſatisfy me, who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed; he is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my Eſſay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the Univerſe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Caſtle, and ſo diminiſh-

ing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own perſons. When you write (either to him or me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to ſee any that are truly ſo, and therefore do not miſtake any thing I ſaid, ſo as to diſcourage your ſending any ſuch to me.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtic affairs are in great confuſion by the villainy of agents, and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power, in both nations

tions[p] (it is here in perfection already) although I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both public and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Neither would I change you my abſent friend for the beſt preſent friend round the Globe.

I have

[p] The Dean was frequently troubled, as he tells us, with a *giddineſs* in his head. W.

But all who held this language were not *giddy*. The Editor might have read the Preface to *Hammond*'s Elegies, written by his patron Lord *Cheſterfield*.

I have lately read a letter imputed to Lord B. called a Diſſertation upon Parties *. I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the biſhop of Marſeilles. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

* The beſt, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reaſoning, and in a ſtile equally ſpirited and elegant. One of the ſevereſt attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the Dedication prefixed to this Diſſertation, when the papers that had been firſt ſeparately printed in the *Craftſman*, were collected into one volume, octavo. After the many things that have been ſaid for and againſt his long Miniſtry, his want of ſkill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs was moſt frequently repeated. In a Letter written 1776, the King of Pruſſia affirms expreſsly, that Walpole uſed to ſay, "I leave Europe to my brother; and reſerve only England to myſelf."

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the Printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done? You have given no offence to the Miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any conſequence in "the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed between "us; although I never deſtroyed one of your letters. "But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, "who have ſtrict orders in my will to burn every "letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendſhip: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from your youth and my middle age,

age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose, as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Revenues. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

To anſwer your queſtion as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think him *.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Biſhops, and a diſgrace to one Biſhop, two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to the human race, where-ever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life: I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon: no Body can be more waſted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and

* But was the Author of ſuch a Tragedy as the *Siege of Damaſcus* one of the *mediocribus? Swift* and *Pope* ſeem not to recollect the *value* and the *rank* of an Author who could write *ſuch* a *Tragedy*. May I venture, on this occaſion, to give a little table of the different ſorts of Poets, ranged in order according to their merits?—Writers of *occaſional* and *miſcellaneous* Family-things, and *tea-table Miſcellanies*; writers of *Paſtorals*; of *Epiſtles*; of *Satires*; of *didactic* Poems; of *Odes*; of *Tragedies*; of *Epic* Poems.

and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reaſon, "That I might have ſomething to "put me every day in mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *Inſignia* are graved on the inner-caſe; on the outer, I have put this inſcription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, etc. etc. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit,* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects [q] which moſt want our compaſſion, though generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vainglorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God

[q] Idiots. W.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, though younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curl, etc. I believe my letters have eſcaped being publiſhed, becauſe I writ nothing but Nature and Friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerved, that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing, but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting. Now I muſt tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things in

in ſpite of your Philoſophy; your Muſe cannot forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot travel to ſee you; otherwiſe, I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health ſo uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: my beſt way would be to marry, for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? methinks, I am enquiring after a Tulip of laſt year.—— "You need not "apprehend any Curls meddling with your letters to "me; I will not deſtroy them, but have ordered "my Executors to do that office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay, *longævitas eſt garrula*, but I muſt remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo.

I am ever, deareſt Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

February 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name, ſuch a havock have Time *, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh, I am very ſick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with the compliment uſual here, Mr. Dean I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more conſtant than thoſe we miſ-call their betters. I walk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats and bleſſings

* All theſe laſt letters of Swift are curious and intereſting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect, and temper, and ſtrength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but uſeful reflexions. We ſee the ſteps by which this great genius ſunk into *diſcontent*, into *peeviſhneſs*, into *indignation*, into *torpor*, into *inſanity!*

upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or ſtation; and I can boaſt that I neither viſit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good office to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can diſpoſe of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ſickneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated, *Singula de nobis anni, etc.* You have put them in a ſtrong and admirable light; but however I am ſo partial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which are to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive from poſterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you ſent me miſcarried——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and ſome of them may be deſerving; for youth is the ſeaſon of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt. You have years enough before you to watch whether theſe new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their ſpirit of independency laſt againſt the temptations of future Miniſters, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord

Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any jobb done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

February 7, 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own ſake and the world's more than for yours; becauſe I well know how little you value life both as a Philoſopher and a Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; although we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annual rents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr. Tickel

was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town, who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordſhip expreſſed his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning and converſation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray, be ſo kind to out-live me, and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a Poem in the Chineſe language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable Eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forſaken me, although I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetic,

for

for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour? Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the Teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all wiſe Chriſtian governments, which always had ſome eſtabliſhed Religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewel, my deareſt friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25, 1736.

If ever I write more Epiſtles in Verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſſed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four Epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and limits of Human Reaſon and Science. 2. A View of the uſeful and therefore

attainable, and of the un-uſeful and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Uſe of different Capacities. 4. Of the Uſe of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire againſt the miſ-application of all theſe, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the taſk is great, and *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſhed: I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds riſe, and the winter comes on. I find myſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to ſee how few friends I have left. Pray, whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by them? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I received a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs at Mr. Cheſelden's. I conclude you was eaſed of that friendly

friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of Chirurgery; and has ſaved the lives of thouſands by his manner of cutting for the ſtone.——I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B.'s, ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his Genius: whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſe-wife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone! yet my houſe is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of: nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worſe Poet, than when you ſaw me: but

gardening is near a-kin to Philoſophy, for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ.* For God's ſake, why ſhould not you (that are a ſtep higher than a Philoſopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Biſhop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing elſe,) ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my Deafneſs; and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you ſay of your Letters, "ſince you have many years of life more than I, my "reſolution is to direct my Executors to ſend you all "your letters, well ſealed and pacquetted, along with "ſome

" ſome legacies mentioned in my will, and leave " them entirely to your diſpoſal: thoſe things are all " tied up, endorſed and locked in a cabinet, and I " have not one ſervant who can properly be ſaid to " write or read: no mortal ſhall copy them, but " you ſhall ſurely have them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your Epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health and leiſure and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of Poetry; I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience; you are, and will be ſome years to come, at the age when invention ſtill keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to Verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of Morality, in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of Friends was a Tax upon long life: it need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On your ſide, men of fame ſtart up and die before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B.'s Genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of

of the author, and uſeful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am, as you deſcribe yourſelf, what *I muſt call well*, yet I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diverſion. And I muſt expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal ſum, which muſt leſſen every day: and indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame caſe, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Inſtead of a young race of Patriots on your ſide, which gives me ſome glimpſe of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheiſts, or old Villains and Monſters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres. Your wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ſupply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a King's ſeven millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Auguſt 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſome time ago, that increaſe of years makes men more talkative but leſs writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how-d'ye's to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity or love: and I grow Laconic even beyond Laconiciſme; for ſometimes I return only Yes, or No, to queſtionary or petitionary Epiſtles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as Luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: and you ſhould be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me,

me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue, in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at moſt. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you, or diſregard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great Geniuſes muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit, or ſee glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the Houſe of Lords writ Commendatory Verſes upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my Works, the Univerſities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, ſed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the preſent Age; it has done enough for

for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while thoſe ſubſiſt, you'll both appear the greateſt men of the time, in ſpite of Princes and Miniſters; and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little Errors you may pleaſe to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you poſſeſs: may but as good health attend you always as mine is at preſent: tolerable, when an eaſy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride; the firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this ſeaſon, is ſeldom in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my ſkin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my ſkin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will

will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourſelf. What Horace ſays, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſhed men of all kinds was almoſt as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel, etc. and in ſpite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: in ſhort, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-ſeven great Miniſters, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years paſt; neither have I the grace to be ſorry, that the preſent times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.——May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Poſterity when I conſider from what Monſters they are to ſpring.——My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you ſee I ſend this under his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three

years

years rent unpaid: this is our condition, in theſe bleſſed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and ſubſcribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wiſh you would aſk him: but perhaps he is ſtill a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath reſtored his health.—How my ſervices are leſſened of late with the number of my friends on your ſide! yet, my Lord Bathurſt and Lord Maſham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I deſire when you ſee them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether ſhe be as young and agreeable as when I ſaw her laſt? Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to the firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living here, becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſequently fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales.——My head is ſo ill that I cannot write a paper full as I uſe to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. ——I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epiſtles of Morality; and, I aſſure you, my acquaintance reſent that they have not ſeen my name at the head of one. The ſubjects of ſuch Epiſtles are more uſeful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any

of

of all your writings: and although, in ſo profligate a world as ours, they may poſſibly not much mend our manners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO DR. SWIFT.

December 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concerned about others, nor ſo crazy ourſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what ('tis a thouſand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my Pity: but if you ever

ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my Affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can aſſure you, ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem, for your Senſe, Virtue, and Charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that Reflection ſtruck me, you'll ſee from the Motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus :

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. " But " I have much reaſon to fear, thoſe which you have " too partially kept in your hands will get out in " ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in caſe of our mor-

" tality: and the more reaſon to fear it, ſince this " laſt month Curl has obtained from Ireland two " letters (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, " to you, which we wrote in the year 1723); and he " has printed them, to the beſt of my memory, " rightly, except one paſſage concerning Dawley, " which muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince my " Lord had not that place at that time. Your " anſwer to that letter he has not got; it has never " been out of my cuſtody; for whatever is lent is " loſt (Wit as well as Money) to theſe needy poeti- " cal readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He ſeems in the whole turn of his letters to be a ſettled and principled Philoſopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You aſk me if I have got any ſupply of new Friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible, for not our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone by the mere flux and courſe of years, that were the ſame friends to be reſtored to us, we could not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room[r]; ſo the courſe of time brings us

[r] There are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwiſe than by the Author's extreme compaſſion and tenderneſs

us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance-acquaintance*, of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their aſſerting of Independency, and Contempt of Corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the ſame ſtudies and the ſame authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impreſſions, it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now, than thoſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are

tenderneſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peeviſh old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities); and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. W.

* Some of theſe new friends were, I know, diſpleaſed at the manner in which they are mentioned in this Letter.

are one of the former ſort to me in all reſpects, but that we can, yet, correſpond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourſe. Adieu. I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much: let me drop into common things.—Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr. Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs. B. ſighs more for you, than for the loſs of youth. She ſays, ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learned that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I would write often to you, would be a very eaſy taſk; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only ſet down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myſelf verging to that period of life which is to be labour and ſorrow, the more I prop myſelf upon thoſe few ſupports that are left me. People in this ſtate are like props indeed, they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you and I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary

ceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter too much; my houſe is too large; my gardens furniſh too much wood and proviſion for my uſe. My ſervants are ſenſible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than ſervants: and to all thoſe that I ſee here with pleaſure, they take a pleaſure in being uſeful. I conclude this is your caſe too in your domeſtic life, and I ſometimes think of your old houſe-keeper as my nurſe; though I tremble at the ſea, which only divides us. As your fears are not ſo great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your ſtrength ſtill much greater, is it utterly impoſſible, it might once more be ſome pleaſure to you to ſee England? My ſole motive in propoſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of the paſſage by ſea from hence, the Phyſicians having told me the weakneſs of my breaſt, etc. is ſuch, as a ſea-ſickneſs might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your native country, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of a future recovery and Virtue. Theſe look up to you, with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight

of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much Love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their Imperfections on their head; ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſe-keeper and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in ſpite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you ſome letters, but it has pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability, for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I muſt always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any one of your Epiſtles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and

ſhould have wondered more, if Nature and Education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. " All the letters I can find of yours, I have faſtened " in a folio cover, and the reſt in bundles endorſed: " but, by reading their dates, I find a chaſm of " ſix years, of which I can find no copies; and " yet I keep them with all poſſible care: but I have " been forced, on three or four occaſions, to ſend " all my papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe papers " were all ſent ſealed in bundles, to ſome faithful " friends; however, what I have, are not much " above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the Corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your Epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus: it was ſent me in the Engliſh Edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for Flattery, ſome for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out ſome: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the Profeſſion of friendſhip to Me in the ſame poem, will not ſuffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happineſs is that you are too far engaged, and in ſpite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend

friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic poem called Leonidas *, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation †, and two or three others. But the

* Few Poems, on their first appearance, have been received with greater applause than *Leonidas*. Lord *Lyttelton*, in the paper called *Common Sense*, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. *Pemberton* wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at *Leicester-house*; and by all the Members that were in Opposition to Sir R. Walpole; and particularly by Lord *Cobham* and his friends, to whom the Poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as, the parting of *Leonidas* with his wife and family; the story of *Ariana* and *Teribazus*; the hymn of the *Magi*; the dream of *Leonidas*; the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of *Xerxes*, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of *Xerxes*; and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous: but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only *Iambic* feet should be used in our heroic verses, without admitting any *Trochaic*. His *Medea* is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He has left behind him some curious Memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published.

† By Mr. Stillingfleet, published afterwards in *Dodsley*'s Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful Botanist.

the crowd do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I am, my deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or ſpeak, or think.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I received as yet no anſwer, but it will be time enough when his Lordſhip goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preſerved of yours, which "are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great "chaſm of ſome years, but the dates are more "early than my two laſt journeys to England, which "makes me imagine, that in one of thoſe journeys "I carried over another Cargo." But I cannot truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorder of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſes daily. So that I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here: ſome of thoſe who highly eſteem you, and a few who know you perſonally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinction between the Engliſh Gentry of this Kingdom, and the ſavage old Iriſh (who are only the vulgar, and ſome Gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of the Kingdom); but the Engliſh Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that title, only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them that their names are entered in ſome pariſh in London. I have three or four Couſins here who were born in Portugal, whoſe parents took the ſame care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your Letters; he will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates, but will aſſert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is that there might be collected from

them the beſt Syſtem that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is ſome recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe Scribblers, who ſend us over their traſh in Proſe and Verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life: I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health: I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often; next to yourſelf I love no man ſo well; and tell him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worſe. May God always protect you, and preſerve you long, for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel, my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant friend. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and firſt I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, uncapable of converſation by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to encreaſe your compaſſion, (of which you have already too great a part,) but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my Letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the Poſt-office * of both Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem; I deſire, you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal Genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made

* Dr. Johnſon laughs at Swift and Pope's thinking their Letters were opened and inſpected by the Poſt-maſters, as an inſtance of their ſelf-importance.

made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his Foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then deſcended to be my Friend.

It is a great Favour of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond Dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court excluſive.)

" I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you " have favoured me with, theſe twenty years and " more, are ſealed up in bundles, and delivered to " Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and judici- " ous Couſin of mine, and the only relation whoſe " viſits I can ſuffer: all theſe letters ſhe is directed to " ſend ſafely to you upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the North: ſhe is a perſon of very good underſtanding as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B.'s letter in the laſt page of yours.

My

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Miniſter of State: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your Hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueezed in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt Patron; and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, etc.

P. S. I will here in a Poſtſcript correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I I ſhewed my Couſin the above letter, and ſhe aſſures me, that a great Collection of[s] your me, letters to are put up and ſealed, my you,

[s] 'Tis written juſt thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed ſeems to be part of the Collection here ſpoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſt in the Publication, and only appears by ſome of the Anſwers. W.

and in ſome very ſafe hand[t]. I am, my moſt dear and honoured Friend, entirely

Yours, etc.

It is now *Aug.* 24,
1738.

[t] *The Earl of* ORRERY *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your Letters are neither loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *ſafe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing, though I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of thoſe Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my enquiries were to no purpoſe, and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie. "Mrs. W—— did aſſure "me ſhe had not one of them, and ſeemed to be under great "uneaſineſs that you ſhould imagine they were left with her. "She likewiſe told me ſhe had ſtopped the Dean's Letter which "gave you that information; but believed he would write ſuch "another; and therefore deſired me to aſſure you, from her, "that ſhe was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean ſays they "are delived into a ſafe hand, and * Mrs. W—— declares ſhe has "them not. The Conſequence of their being hereafter publiſhed "may give uneaſineſs to ſome of your Friends, and of courſe to "you: ſo I would do all in my power to make you entirely eaſy "in that point."

This is the firſt time that I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune, and I ſhould ſay (as an excuſe for this letter) that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,
With the trueſt eſteem,
Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

Marſton, Oct. 4, 1738. ORRERY.

* This Lady ſince gave Mr. Pope the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went ſo far as to

ſecrete

LETTER XC.

[The following is a very curious Letter of Swift to Sir W. Temple, hitherto unpublished*.]

May it please your Honour, Dublin, Oct. 6, 1694.

THAT I might not continue the many troubles I have given you, I have all this while avoided one, which I fear proves necessary at last. I have taken all due methods to be ordained, and one time of ordination is already elapsed since my arrival for effecting it. Two or three bishops, acquaintance of our family, have signified to me and them, that after so long standing in the University, it is admired I have not entered upon something or other, (above half the clergy in this town being my Juniors,) and that it being so many years since I left this Kingdom, they could not admit me to the ministry without some certificate of my behaviour where I lived; and my Lord Archbishop of Dublin was pleased to say a great deal

* Transcribed from the original to Sir W. Temple; endorsed by Mr. Temple, "Swift's penitential Letter;" copied by Dr. Shipman, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Rector of Compton near Winchester, who was a relation of Sir W. Temple.

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secrete the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: whereupon her Son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq. insisted upon writing a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact. P.

deal of this kind to me yeſterday; concluding againſt all I had to ſay, that he expected I ſhould have a certificate from your Honour of my conduct in your family. The *ſence* I am in, how low I am fallen in your Honour's thoughts, has *denied* me aſſurance enough to beg this favour, till I find it impoſſible to avoid: and I intreat your Honour to underſtand, that no perſon is admitted here to a living, without ſome knowledge of his abilities for it: which it being reckoned impoſſible to judge in thoſe who are not ordained, the uſual method is to admit men firſt to ſome ſmall reader's place, till, by preaching upon occaſions, they can *value* themſelves for better preferment. This (without great friends) is ſo general, that if I were four ſcore years old I muſt go the ſame way, and ſhould at that age be told, every one muſt have a beginning. I intreat that your Honour will conſider this, and will pleaſe to ſend me ſome certificate of my behaviour, during almoſt three years in your family: wherein I ſhall ſtand in need of all your goodneſs to excuſe my many weakneſſes and overſights, much more to ſay any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me, are what relate to morals and learning, and the reaſons of quitting your Honour's family, that is, whether the laſt was occaſioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your Honour's mercy, though in the firſt I think I cannot reproach myſelf any further than for *infirmities*.

This

This is all I dare beg at preſent from your Honour, under circumſtances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wiſh (next to the health and proſperity of your Honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for ſo many favours I have received: which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, ſhall never fail to have the greateſt upon my mind, in approving myſelf upon all occaſions, your Honour's moſt obedient and moſt dutiful ſervant, etc.

I beg my moſt humble duty and ſervice be preſented to my Ladies, your Honour's Lady and Siſter.

The ordination is appointed by the Archbiſhop by the beginning of November, ſo that if your Honour will not grant this favour immediately, I fear it will come too late.

LETTER XCI.

ON MRS. LONG'S DEATH.

SIR, London, December 26, 1711.

THAT you may not be ſurpriſed with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occaſion of it. The lady who lived near two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you was ſo kind to viſit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Ann Long, ſiſter to Sir James Long, and niece of Col. Strangeways; ſhe was of as good a private family as moſt in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and eſteemed. Accordingly ſhe was always valued here above moſt of her ſex, and by moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons. But by the unkindneſs of her friends and the generoſity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted ſome debts that made her uneaſy here; and in order to clear them, was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been haſtened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of ſuch aſſiſtance as ſhe might have found here. I thought fit to ſignify this to you, partly to let you know, how valuable a perſon you have loſt; but chiefly to deſire that you will pleaſe to bury her in

ſome part of your church near a wall where a plain marble ſtone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deſerved ſo well; and which if God ſends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never ſo ſenſibly touched with any one's death, as with hers. Neither did I ever know a perſon of either ſex with more virtues, or fewer infirmities; the only one ſhe had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, ariſing wholly from the goodneſs of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a ſecret, but am content your town ſhould know what an excellent perſon they have had among them. If you viſited her any ſhort time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the ſtate of her mind, or the nature of her diſeaſe, I beg you will be ſo obliging to inform me: for the letter we have ſeen from her poor maid, is ſo imperfect by her grief for the death of ſo good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death, and your letter may if you pleaſe be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover; which cover may be directed to Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq. at the Earl of Dartmouth's office, at White-hall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occaſion of it, and give ſome allowances to ſo great a loſs not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can poſſeſs; and if any way I can ſerve or

oblige you, I ſhall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands.

I am, etc.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XCII.

[The following is a remarkable Letter of Pope to Mr. Allen, concerning Swift's publication of his Letters.]

My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means poſſible to retard it; for it is put paſt preventing, by his having (without aſking my conſent, or ſo much as letting me ſee the book) printed moſt of it.—They at laſt promiſe me to ſend me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This laſt would be of ſome uſe; but I dare not even do this, for they would ſay I reviſed it. And the bookſeller writes, that he has been at great charge, etc. However, the Dean, upon all I have ſaid and written about it, has ordered him to ſubmit to any expunctions I inſiſt upon; this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any uſe of it or not. But as to your apprehenſion, that any ſuſpicion may ariſe of my own being any way conſenting or concerned in it, I have the pleaſure to tell you, the whole thing is ſo circumſtanced and ſo plain, that

it

it can never be the caſe. I ſhall be very deſirous to ſee what the letters are at all events; and I think that muſt determine my future meaſures; for till then I can judge nothing. The exceſſive earneſtneſs the Dean has been in for publiſhing them, makes me hope they are caſtigated in ſome degree; or he muſt be totally deprived of his underſtanding. They now offer to ſend me the originals [which have been ſo long detained], and I'll accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce againſt me, in caſe there be any offenſive paſſages in them. If you can give me any advice, do; I wiſh I could ſhew you what the Dean's people, the women and the bookſeller, have done and writ, on my ſending an abſolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of ſome gentlemen to ſtop it, as well as threats of law, etc. The whole thing is too manifeſt to admit of any doubt in any man: how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers, how they were ſecreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with ſuch a meaſure: and how, finding his weakneſs increaſe, they have at laſt made him the inſtrument himſelf for their private profit; whereas, I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

LETTERS
TO
BROOK TAYLOR, ESQ.

LETTER I.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

A la Source, près d'Orleans, May 1, 1721.

I SEND you, dear Sir, a letter which came hither for you by the laſt poſt, and I thank you, at the ſame time, for yours. My health is, I thank God, in a much better ſtate. I would not fail to uſe Dr. Arbuthnot's preſcriptions, if I found any occaſion for them. If you ſee the Abbé Conti, aſk him whether it be true, that there is at Venice a Manuſcript of the Hiſtory of the Cæſars, by Eunapius, of whom it is pretended, that Zoſimus was only an abridger, as Juſtin was of Trogus Pompeius, or Hephiſtion of Dion Caſſius.

Adieu. Dear Sir, I am, moſt faithfully,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME.

November 23, 1721.

THE letters which accompany this, will explain to you why I have been ſo long without anſwering yours of the 13th of the laſt month; and the ſame reaſon has been in part the cauſe why, now I do write to you, I ſay nothing about thoſe thoughts of an ingenious Clergyman, which you was ſo kind as to communicate to me. Ever ſince your letter came into my hands, I have had too much company, and my time has been too much broken, to be able to ſtudy as uſually, or to examine any ſuch matter, with due attention. Beſides, this new explanation of Daniel's Prophecy is founded on a new reading of the text, of which, for want of languages, I cannot judge: the years, as this Commentator lays them down, do, I believe, fall in with the vulgar reckoning, and perhaps any deſcription almoſt of time may fall in with this reckoning, by the rules which have been followed, in forcing this unwieldly paſſage to an application. Upon this occaſion, I'll tell you what I have very near done, for my whole life, with all enquiries into remote antiquity. My intention was to ſee the foundations of thoſe hiſtorical and chronological ſyſtems, which have been erected with ſo much learned pains in our Weſtern world. I have

ſeen

ſeen them, theſe corner ſtones, and I think I have examined them enough to be ſure, that he who cannot content himſelf to employ his time about conſequences, drawn from principles evidently begged, ought not to employ it in this kind of erudition. If ever we meet, I'll truſt to your candour what I have obſerved, and what has fixed my thoughts, and put an end to all my curioſity on this ſubject; after which, you may perhaps be of opinion (if you are not ſo already) that when Varro fixed the famous epoch, (as Cenſorinus ſays he did,) this learned Roman could hardly have any better reaſon for doing ſo, than the deſire of including the foundation of his city within that period; from which, the fabulous age being ended, the hiſtorical age began. I have lately read a Book, called, an Enquiry into the Cauſes and Origin of Moral Evil: it runs in my head, that the author has not taken all the advantages which, as a Philoſopher, he might have taken, againſt the defender of the Manichean Syſtems; and ſure it is, that as a Divine, he lies under ſome additional diſadvantages, eaſily underſtood, and therefore not neceſſary to be explained. Is there not a Treatiſe, writ by the ſame author, concerning Phyſical Evil? I take you at your word, and ſend a Secretary of mine to receive your directions about ſome books which I have writ to him for. The Abbé, who is here, and I, agree better about poetry, than we do about philoſophy; and ſome diſputes which we have had, make me reſolve

to

to ſtudy certain points which I imagine that both of us have talked of, more than we have thought of. How charmed ſhould we be to ſee you here, if you was not better placed, and better employed where you are! M^de^ de Caylus writes to you about a thing, which I join with her in deſiring you to do, if it be to be done. You ſpoke, when you was in this country, of the Chineſe manner of making fire-works, which are infinitely more admirable than ours, and I think you mentioned one Mr. Pound who had the ſecret; be ſo good as to ſend it to M^de^ de Caylus. It is for a young perſon, whom you will not be ſorry to oblige. Adieu, dear Sir.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Sir, December 26, 1723.

YOUR letter of the 15th of November came to my hands juſt as I was leaving the country to come to this place; and ſince my being here, beſides a little buſineſs, I have had ſome return of my illneſs, but it ſeems to be over, and was, I hope, nothing more than the laſt pang of an expiring malady.

The good intelligence you are at preſent in with your father, gives me a moſt ſenſible pleaſure; and I hope, that you will be able to ſettle your affairs

affairs at laſt, in ſuch a manner as to make you amends for all the trouble you have gone through. When I endeavoured to aſſiſt you, I believed at that time there was power; I have had ſince ſome reaſon to believe there is none: and I had rather attribute to the want of this, than to the want of inclination, any coldneſs which you may find. The books were here at my arrival; and I am very thankful to you for them. I have gone through all that I propoſed to myſelf in the way of ſtudying, wherein I was, when you gave us your good company. I never intended to do more than to examine, as well as I was able, the foundations on which thoſe ſyſtems of Chronology and Ancient Hiſtory which obtain in our Weſtern world are built, *à fin de ſçavoir à quoy m'entenir.* I have done this; and I have no more deſire to purſue this ſtudy any further, than I have to be a proficient in Judicial Aſtrology. Who can reſolve to build, with great coſt and pains, when he finds how deep ſoever he digs, nothing but looſe ſand? Some have been ſo pleaſed with a high and lofty ſituation, that they have ventured upon this project; for my part, I incline not to imitate them; and to carry the ſimilitude a little further, when ſuch buildings are raiſed, I may be tempted to take a curſory view of them, but I can by no means reſolve to dwell in them, *a limine ſalutanda ſunt.*

Since my being here, I have ſeen very few people; our friend the Abbe Conti but once: and then, he

was

was ſo much out of order, that my converſation with him was very ſuccinct. He has begun a Philoſophical Poem, which will be finiſhed, I believe, long before the Anti-Lucretius of the Cardinal de Polignac. Sir Iſaac Newton's Syſtem will make the principal beauty of it. He recited the exorde to me, which I thought very fine; I need not tell you that he writes it in Italian. My fellow hermit is very affectionately your humble ſervant: ſhe deſires you would, for the preſent, give yourſelf no further trouble about the affair of Monſieur de la Roche Jacquelin. Adieu, dear Sir.

I am, with all poſſible eſteem,

Yours, etc.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTIONS *in the Gardens of the* Chateau de la Source, *near* Orleans, *written by Lord* BOLINGBROKE, *during his Exile.*

PROPTER FIDEM, ADVERSUS REGINAM
ET PARTES
INTEMERATE SERVATAM,
PROPTER OPERAM IN PACE GENERALI
CONCILIANDA,
STRENUE SALTEM NAVATAM:
IMPOTENTIA VESANÆ FACTIONIS
SOLUM VERTERE CO-ACTUS,
HIC AD AQUÆ LENE CAPUT
SACRÆ
INJUSTE EXULAT
DULCE VIVIT
* H. M. B. 1722.

SI RESIPISCAT PATRIA, IN PATRIAM
REDITURUS,
SI NON RESIPISCAT, UBIVIS MELIUS
QUAM INTER TALES CIVES FUTURUS
HANC VILLAM INSTAURO ET EXORNO
HIC, VELUT EX PORTU, ALIENOS
CASUS ET FORTUNÆ LUDUM
INSOLENTEM
CERNERE SUAVE EST.
HIC, MORTEM NEC APPETENS, NEC TIMENS,
INNOCUIS DELICIIS
DOCTA QUIETE
ET FELICIS ANIMI IMMOTA TRANQUILLITATE
FRUISCOR.
HIC, MIHI VIVAM, QUOD SUPEREST, AUT
EXILII, AUT ÆVI. 1722.

* Viz. Henry Marcilly Bolingbroke. This and the following Inſcription, in the hand-writing of Lord Bolingbroke, were incloſed in the foregoing Letter.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I saw Mr. M. yeſterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have inquired for the beſt Originals of thoſe two ſubjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deſerve to be ſo, the diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, and the Reſignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promiſed the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact ſize one would wiſh for a Baſſo Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would beſt ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro obſcuro.

A man not only ſhews his Taſte, but his Virtue, in the choice of ſuch ornaments: and whatever example moſt ſtrikes us, we may reaſonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the

Hiſtory

Hiſtory itſelf, if well choſen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better leſſon than any he could teach by his converſation. In this ſenſe, the Stones may be ſaid to ſpeak when Men cannot, or will not. I can't help thinking (and I know you'll join with me, you who have been making an Altar-piece) that the zeal of the firſt Reformers was ill-placed, in removing *Pictures* (that is to ſay, examples) out of Churches; and yet ſuffering *Epitaphs* (that is to ſay, flatteries and falſe hiſtory) to be the burden of Church walls, and the ſhame, as well as deriſion, of all honeſt men.

I have heard little yet of the ſubſcription[a]. I intend to make a viſit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will enquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I ſhall be honourably acquitted of a taſk I am not fond of[b]. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs of all kinds.

I am, etc.

[a] For his own Edit. of the 1ſt Vol. of his Letters, undertaken at Mr. Allen's requeſt. W.

[b] The printing his Letters by ſubſcription. W.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I NEED not ſay I thank you for a Letter, which proves ſo much friendſhip for me. I have much more to ſay upon it than I can, till we meet. But in a word, I think your notion of the value of thoſe things [c] is greatly too high, as to any ſervice they can do to the public; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own Character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I aſſure you, I do not think it the leaſt of thoſe advantages that they have occaſioned me the good will (in ſo great a degree) of ſo worthy a man [d]. I fear (as I muſt rather retrench than add to their number, unleſs I would publiſh my own commendations) that the common run of ſubſcribers would think themſelves injured by not having every thing, which diſcretion muſt ſuppreſs; and this, they (without any other conſideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect Collection: whereas the only uſe to my own character, as an Author, of ſuch a pub-

[c] His Letters. W.

[d] Mr. Allen's friendſhip with Mr. Pope was contracted on the reading his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the higheſt opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodneſs of heart. W.

a publication, would be the ſuppreſſion of many things: and as to my character as a Man, it would be but juſt where it is; unleſs I could be ſo vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honeſt ſentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would ſurely be wrong and weak alſo.

I do grant it would be ſome pleaſure to me to expunge ſeveral idle paſſages, which will otherwiſe, if not go down to the next age, paſs, at leaſt, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and God knows, none of them are my preſent ſentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly diſapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I ſay, that pleaſure would be increaſed to *me*, in knowing I ſhould do what would pleaſe *you*. But I cannot perſuade myſelf to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much leſs to ſerve my private fame entirely at another's expence[e].

But, underſtand me rightly: did I believe half ſo well of them as you do, I would not ſcruple your aſſiſtance; becauſe I am ſure, that to occaſion you to contribute to a real good would be the greateſt benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promiſe you, if ever I am ſo happy as to find any juſt occaſion where your generoſity and goodneſs may unite for ſuch a worthy end, I will not ſcruple to draw upon you for any ſum to effect it.

As

[e] Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expence. W.

As to the preſent affair, that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your deſires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my friends I am as willing to publiſh this book as to let it alone. And, rather than ſuffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publiſh, in the News, next winter, the Propoſals, etc.

I tell you all theſe particulars to ſhew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your aſſiſtance in any moderate degree; but I think you ſhould reſerve ſo great a proof of your benevolence to a better occaſion.

Since I wrote laſt, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the ſubject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a ſketch of: and, I believe, is more expreſſive than that of Ricci *, as Pietro is famous for expreſſion. I have alſo met with a fine print of the diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, a deſign which, I fancy, is of La Sueur †, and will do perfectly well.

I am, etc.

* His colouring, ſays Walpole, was chalky and without force, He painted the Hall at Burlington-houſe, and the Chapel at Chelſea College.

† La Sueur was the beſt of the French painters, for Pouſſin ſtudied and lived ſo long in Italy, that he could hardly be called a Frenchman.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME.

November 6, 1736.

I DO not write too often to you for many reaſons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends ſhould be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exerciſe of their friendſhip, and a trial of their memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeating aſſurances, is both a needleſs and ſuſpicious kind of treatment with ſuch as are ſincere: not to add the tautology one muſt be guilty of, who can make out ſo many idle words as to fill pages with ſaying one thing. For all is ſaid in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as buſy in planting for myſelf as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the head-ach, but proſpers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, ſeems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope, at leaſt, for the better); but I am pleaſed to think my Trees will afford ſhade and fruit to others, when I ſhall want them no more. And it is no ſort of grief to me, that thoſe others will not be Things of my own poor body: but it is enough, they are Creatures of the ſame Species, and made by the ſame hand

hand that made me. I wiſh (if a wiſh would tranſport me) to ſee you in the ſame employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to ſay it would be as pleaſing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in proſe are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more ſheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the ſlowneſs of ſubſcribers, I will do all I can to diſappoint you in particular, and intend to publiſh in January, when the town fills, an Advertiſement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will ſubſcribe, to do it. In the mean time I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any perſon's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I ſend you a few that you may ſee I am in earneſt, endeavouring all I can to ſave your money, at the ſame time that nothing can leſſen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than uſual.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME.

June 8, 1737.

I was very ſorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendſhip betrayed you into upon the falſe report which occaſioned your grief. I am now ſo well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the juſt reward of your goodneſs which made you ſuffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much miſtaken in our ſorrow as you now were: ſo that, what we think a real evil is, to ſuch ſpirits as ſee things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleaſes: let us think or call it good or evil.

I wiſh the world would let me give myſelf more to ſuch people in it as I like, and diſcharge me of half the honours which perſons of higher rank beſtow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot beſtow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumſtance, you would ſee me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wiſh, God knows. I can only ſay, I think of it with the pleaſure and ſincerity becoming one who is, etc.

LETTER V.

FROM THE SAME.

November 24, 1737.

THE event of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine ſo much, that I could not get done what you deſired as to Dr. P. but as ſoon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will ſend them to Mr. K. The death of great perſons is ſuch a ſort of ſurprize to *all*, as every one's death is to himſelf, though both ſhould equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to eſteem and commend our ſuperiors, at the time that we pity them, becauſe then they ſeem not above ourſelves. The Queen ſhewed *, by the confeſſion of all about her, the utmoſt firmneſs and temper to her laſt moments, and through the courſe of great torments. What character hiſtorians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domeſtic ſervants, and thoſe neareſt her, give her the beſt teſtimony, that of ſincere tears. But the Public is always hard; rigid at beſt, even when juſt, in its opinion of any one. The only pleaſure which any one, either of high or low rank, muſt depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that ſmall circle we are converſant in: and it is therefore

* This encomium on Queen Caroline does not ſeem to agree with what he has ſaid of her in other parts of his works.

fore the greateſt ſatisfaction to ſuch as wiſh us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance or rather increaſe of thoſe bleſſings which make your domeſtic life happy. I have nothing ſo good to add, as to aſſure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE SAME.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is ſo troubleſome to you; and the ſhare I have born, and ſtill bear too often, in the ſame complaint, gives me a very feeling ſenſe of it. I hope we agree in every other ſenſation beſides this: for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture to ſay, my body is the worſt part of me, or God have mercy on my ſoul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden); I had no notion of her want being ſo great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleaſure to come, for I will allow her ſomething yearly,

yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks ſhe is not leſs than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you. But ſo it ſhall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine, (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it,) provided I ſay ſomething of you, which moſt people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You muſt be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occaſion.

I have nothing to add but my wiſhes for your health; every other enjoyment you will provide for yourſelf, which becomes a reaſonable man. Adieu.

I am, etc.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE SAME.

January 20.

I OUGHT ſooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been ſeverely handled by my Aſthma, and, at the ſame time, hurried by buſineſs that gave an increaſe to it by catching cold. I am truly ſorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A's diſorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain ſhould continue

to return every day, which is worſe by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkſhire. And, I do aſſure you, there are no two men I wiſh better to. I have known and eſteemed him for every moral virtue theſe twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakneſs of ——; and, I firmly believe, never ſaid a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in ſo cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkſhire, at a hunting ſeat. If he lives till ſpring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I poſſibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the propereſt exerciſe for both of us, ſince he is become ſo weak as to be deprived of riding a horſe.

L. Bolingbroke ſtays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleaſed to meet each other; and nothing in all my life has been ſo great a pleaſure to my nature, as to bring deſerving and knowing men together. It is the greateſt favour that can be done, either to great geniuſes or uſeful men. I wiſh too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of ſome proud and powerful perſons, to ſee if they have any of the beſt ſort of pride left, namely,

namely, to ſerve learning and merit, and by that means diſtinguiſh themſelves from their predeceſſors.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE SAME.

March 6.

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am ſure we ſhall meet with the ſame hearts we ever met; and I could wiſh it were at Twickenham, though only to ſee you and Mrs. Allen twice there inſtead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has ſince obliged me to reſide here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I muſt ſee you here or no where. Let that be an additional reaſon for your coming and ſtaying what time you can.

The utmoſt I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may ſlide along the Surrey ſide (where no Middleſex juſtice can pretend any cognizance) to Batterſea, and thence croſs the water for an hour or two, in a cloſe chair, to dine with you, or ſo. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought inſolent. At leaſt, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation [f].

I write

[f] On the Invaſion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender. W.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my houſe as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may poſſibly be, that I ſhall be taking the ſecret flight I ſpeak of to Batterſea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promiſed to make known * to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the ſcale, as to keeping me here (though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the leaſt accident of cold, or motion almoſt, throws me into a very dangerous and ſuffering condition). God ſend you long life, and an eaſier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, etc.

* He brought theſe two eminent men together, but they ſoon parted in mutual diſguſt with each other.

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE

TO

MR. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

April 11, 1739.

I HAVE juſt received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters*[a]. It is in the greateſt hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your Third *Letter*, which is ſo extremely clear, ſhort, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz[b] ought never to have another anſwer, and deſerved not ſo good an one. I can only ſay, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, ſo odd as the expreſſion ſeems, for you have made my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the ſame ſyſtem as mine, but illuſtrated with a ray of your own, as they ſay our natural body

[a] Commentaries on the *Eſſay on Man*. W.

[b] A Swiſs profeſſor who wrote remarks upon the philoſophy of that *Eſſay*. W.

body is the ſame ſtill when it is glorified *. I am ſure I like it better than I did before, and ſo will every man elſe. I know I meant juſt what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning ſo well as you. You underſtand me as well as I do myſelf, but you expreſs me better than I could expreſs myſelf. Pray accept the ſincereſt acknowledgments. I cannot but wiſh theſe letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a tranſlation of part, at leaſt, or of all of them into French; but I ſhall not proceed a ſtep without your conſent and opinion, etc.

LETTER II.

May 26, 1739.

THE diſſipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himſelf who paſſes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's ſervant more than my own: this, Sir, is the occaſion of my ſilence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almoſt any man. By writing, indeed, I propoſed no more than to tell you my ſenſe of it: as to any corrections of your *Letters*, I could make

* From Cowley to Sir W. Davenant;

So will our God re-build man's periſh'd frame,
And raiſe him up much better, yet the ſame!

A very outrageous compliment indeed!

make none, but what resulted from inverting the Order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last Letter, which I returned immediately to the Bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Postscript[c] to the last Edition * of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind, (even a better and a stronger tie than the similitude of studies,) than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a Bishop, and truly makes his Fortune; that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

[c] He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the Weekly Miscellany: in which the Editor applied to himself those lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

Me let the tender office long engage, etc. W.

* With respect to the chief argument in the Divine Legation, that Moses omitted to inculcate the doctrine of a Future State, and to the inferences made from such omission, Archbishop Secker argues very acutely, "that future Recompences were not directly and expressly either promised to good persons, or threatened to bad, in the Law of Moses; yet that might be, not because they were unknown, but because God thought them sufficiently known.—A life to come is not mentioned in the Laws of our own nation neither; though we know, they were made by such as professed firmly to believe it." LECTURE xvi.

With this passage, I am well informed, Warburton was much displeased; and after reading it, was accustomed to speak slightingly of Secker, and in terms very different from the encomiums he before passed on this truly learned Prelate.

LETTER III.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I RECEIVED with great pleaſure the paper you ſent me; and yet with greater, the proſpect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I ſhall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongſt the number of thoſe who eſteem you, will be paſt rather in this place than in London; ſince it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promiſe; and ſo much as my conſtitution ſuffers by the winter, I yet aſſure you, ſuch an acquiſition will make the ſpring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

As ſoon as Mr. R. can tranſmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wiſh he had your leave ſo to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to tranſlate, who, I hope, will not ſubject your work to as much ill-grounded criticiſm as my French tranſlator[d] has ſubjected mine. In earneſt, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus eſpouſing the cauſe of a ſtranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this ſentiment, is the leaſt. The generoſity of your conduct deſerves eſteem, your

[d] *Reſnel*, on whoſe faulty and abſurd tranſlation Crouſaz founded his moſt plauſible objections. W.

your zeal for truth deſerves affection from every candid man: and as ſuch, were I wholly out of the caſe, I ſhould eſteem and love you for it. I will not therefore uſe you ſo ill as to write in the general ſtyle of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occaſion: and I can only ſay (which I ſay with ſincerity and warmth) that you have made me, etc.

LETTER IV.

January 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I ſhould have written to you oftener, if I had not a great reſpect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unneceſſary thing to let you know that moſt of my friends alſo pay you their thanks; and ſome of the moſt knowing, as well as moſt candid Judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myſelf. Your *Letters*[c] meet from ſuch with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very ſlight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their obſervation, altered in an exemplar which I keep againſt a ſecond Edition. My very uncertain ſtate of health, which is ſhaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Briſtol two months ſince; and I ſhall not return towards

[c] On the *Eſſay on Man.* W.

towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the ſucceſs of your Book[f], which they are earneſt to have tranſlated. One of them is begun in France. A French Gentleman, about Monſieur Cambis the Ambaſſador, hath done the greateſt part of it here. But I will retard the Impreſſion till I have your directions, or till I can have the pleaſure I earneſtly wiſh for, to meet you in town, where you gave me ſome hopes you ſometimes paſt a part of the ſpring, for the beſt reaſon, I know, of ever viſiting it, the converſation of a few Friends. Pray, ſuffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my houſe have its ſhare of you: or, if I can any way be inſtrumental in accommodating you in town during your ſtay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my diſpoſal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them ſo little; but that 'tis poſſible you may be as much a ſtranger to this town, as I wiſh with all my heart I was. I ſee by certain ſquibs in the *Miſcellanies*[g] that you have as much of the uncharitable ſpirit poured out upon you as the Author you defended from Crouſaz. I only wiſh you gave them no other anſwer than that of the ſun to the frogs, ſhining out, in your ſecond book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as

[f] The commentary on the *Eſſay on Man*. W.

[g] The Weekly Miſcellany, by Dr. Webſter, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others. W.

as he ought to be, more, or ſo much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

January 17, 1739-40.

THOUGH I writ to you two poſts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth Epiſtle[h]; which (though I find by yours attending them, they were ſent laſt month) I received but this morning. This was occaſioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the perſon to whoſe care he conſigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Briſtol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or leſs has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philoſophical, and improve my reſignation to part with it at laſt. I am preparing to return home, and ſhall then reviſe what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the ſame perſon who tranſlated the *Eſſay* into proſe, which Mr. Crouſaz ſhould have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumſtances all together, was moved to his proceeding in ſo very unrea-

[h] Of the *Eſſay on Man.* W.

unreaſonable a way, by ſome malice either of his own, or ſome other's, though I was very willing, at firſt, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I ſee nothing to be added to your work; only ſome commendatory Deviations from the Argument itſelf, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I muſt repeat my urgent deſire to be previouſly acquainted with the preciſe time of your viſit to London; that I may have the pleaſure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I muſt eſteem one of the greateſt of my Benefactors. I am, with the moſt grateful and affectionate regard *, etc.

* I ſhall here inſert an extract of a curious Letter from the Honourable Charles Yorke, to his brother the late Earl of Hardwicke, dated Bennet College, Cambridge, June 1, 1740.

" Mr. Warburton has lately been near a fortnight with Mr. Pope at Twickenham: he ſpeaks of him in ſtrains of rapturous commendation. He ſays, that he is not a better Poet than a Man, and that his vivacity and wit is not more conſpicuous than his humanity and affability. He tells me that Mr. Pope is tired with imitating Horace:—that he thinks he could make ſomething of the *Damaſippus*, and intends to do it, but that the great ſcheme which he has in view is, the continuation of the Eſſay. The firſt, you know, was only a general map of Man, wherein the extent and limits of his faculties were marked out. The ſecond is to treat of falſe Science at large; and the third is to enquire into the uſe and abuſe of Civil Society. In a converſation which he held with Mr. Pope one evening in his garden, the latter began to open himſelf unreſervedly to the former upon the praiſes which the world had beſtowed upon him and his own excellencies. He declared, with great ſincerity, that he really thought he had been exceeded in every part of writing, and on the ſide of invention more peculiarly.—Mr. Warburton told him, that he would not offend his modeſty by entering into a particular diſquiſition of his merit; yet, he would take the liberty to mention one thing in which he thought

LETTER VI.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleaſure than by your ſhort letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to ſee you ſo ſoon. Let us meet like men who have

thought Mr. Pope was unrivalled and alone, and it was, that he is the only poet who has found out the art of uniting wit to ſublimity. 'Your wit,' ſays he, 'gives a ſplendour and delicacy to your ſublimity, and your ſublimity gives a grace and dignity to your wit.'—They both agreed in condemning Biſhop Atterbury's judgment on the Arabian Tales; and upon my obſerving to Mr. Warburton that they were very unequal, ſeveral of them being finely imagined, and conveying an exquiſite ſentiment of morality, while others were mean in the device, conducted with flatneſs and a want of ſpirit, with nothing remarkably inſtructive in the concluſions to be drawn from them; he ſatisfied me with this ingenious reaſon for it, which is built on an hypotheſis of his own. 'You know,' ſays he, 'they were tranſlated by a Frenchman, from an original Arabic manuſcript, in the King of France's Library; but there is not above one tenth of the original tranſlated. The Arabian collector appears to have been a man of little taſte; for in order to give a due connection to the whole, he has laid the ſcene of his narration in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate of that Empire for Arts, Learning, Power, and has at the ſame time introduced into it fables concerning things which happened above a thouſand years after, juſt as if one ſhould ſuppoſe a ſtory to be told in the reign of William the Conqueror, which related to George I. Now,' continued he, 'the nobleſt fables in the collection fell in naturally with the ſcene which he has laid, ſo that they are tranſcribed from the works of ſome famous author in thoſe days, and the reſt, which you ſpeak of as poor and trifling, are taken from ſome later fabuliſts, who had neither invention to contrive nor thought enough to give a ſenſe and meaning to their ſtories.'—He added, 'that from the Arabian tables, you might gather the completeſt notion of the

have been many years acquainted with each other*, and whoſe friendſhip is not to begin, but continue. All forms ſhould be paſt, when people know each other's mind ſo well: I flatter myſelf you are a man after my own heart, who ſeeks content only from within, and ſays to greatneſs, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but juſt your other friends ſhould have ſome part of you, I inſiſt on my making you the firſt viſit in London, and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the preſs be to take up any part of your time, the ſheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leiſure to attend to any thing of that ſort than in town. I believe alſo I have moſt of the Books you can want, or can eaſily borrow them. I earneſtly deſire a line may be left at Mr. R's, where and when I ſhall call upon you, which I will daily enquire for, whether

Eaſtern ceremonies and manners.'—Mr. Pope communicated to Mr. Warburton, Lord Bolingbroke's rules for the reading of Hiſtory, which he thinks a very fine performance. That treatiſe, and the account of his own times are to be publiſhed together, after his death. In ſhort, Mr. Warburton declares he never ſpent a fortnight ſo agreeably any where as at Twickenham; he was preſented to all Mr. Pope's friends, who entertained him with ſingular civility, and received him with an engaging freedom."

The modeſt and judicious eſtimate which our author himſelf gives in this letter, of his own talents and powers, is very ſtriking and remarkable.

* Their very firſt interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, juſt by Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Dodſley was preſent; and was, he told me, aſtoniſhed at the high compliments paid him by Pope as he approached him.

whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the trueſt regard, and the ſincereſt wiſh to deſerve,

Yours, etc.

LETTER VII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correſpondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honeſt men, ſeems a kind of illicit trade, by having been for the moſt part carried on, and carried furtheſt by deſigning men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him.* Your two kind letters gave me real ſatisfaction, in hearing you were ſafe and well; and in ſhewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my eſteem for you, and delight in your converſation. Indeed my languid ſtate of health, and frequent deficiency of ſpirits, together with a number of diſſipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conſpire to throw a faintneſs and cool appearance over my conduct to thoſe I beſt love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: but in earneſt, no

man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourſelf what you are to me in my opinion and affection; ſo high in each, that I may perhaps ſeldom attempt to tell it you. The greateſt juſtice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but inſtruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing ſcene of ancient Egypt or Greece; ſtruck with veneration and wonder; but at every ſtep wanting an inſtructor to tell me all I wiſh to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and ſuch you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other ſearcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taſte equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Eſſay[1]*; but

[1] Mr. Pope deſired the Editor to procure a good tranſlation of the *Eſſay on Man* into Latin proſe. W.

* The following is a Letter from our Author to Mr. Chriſtopher Smart.

" SIR, Twickenham, Nov. 18.

" I thank you for the favour of yours; I would not give you the trouble of tranſlating the whole Eſſay you mention; the two firſt

but more for the motive which did originally, and does conſequentially in a manner, animate all your goodneſs to me, the opinion you entertain of my honeſt intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonſtrate me no irreligious man. I was very ſincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and, I think, I may conſcientiouſly ſay, I ſhall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope ſometimes to hear you are well, as you ſhall certainly now and then hear the beſt I can tell you of myſelf.

firſt Epiſtles are already well done, and if you try, I could wiſh it were on the laſt, which is leſs abſtracted, and more eaſily falls into poetry, and common place. A few lines at the beginning and the concluſion, will be ſufficient for a trial whether you yourſelf can like the taſk or not. I believe the Eſſay on Criticiſm will in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wiſh the other well done, was the want of a right underſtanding of the ſubject, which appears in the foreign verſions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one, indeed, in Latin verſe, printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in French proſe; but in theſe the ſpirit of poetry is as much loſt, as the ſenſe and ſyſtem itſelf in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin tranſlation of my Ode, which you ſent me, and in which I could ſee little or nothing to alter; it is ſo exact. Believe me, Sir, equally deſirous of doing you any ſervice, and afraid of engaging you in an art ſo little profitable, though ſo well deſerving, as good poetry.

" I am, your moſt obliged and ſincere humble Servant,
" A. POPE."

LETTER VIII.

October 27, 1740.

I AM grown ſo bad a correſpondent, partly through the weakneſs of my eyes, which has much increaſed of late, and partly through other diſagreeable accidents, (almoſt peculiar to me,) that my oldeſt as well as beſt friends are reaſonable enough to excuſe me. I know you are of the number who deſerve all the teſtimonies of any ſort, which I can give you of eſteem and friendſhip; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwiſe, if I am an honeſt one. So I will ſay no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your conſtant memory of whatever may be ſerviceable or reputable to me. The Tranſlation[k] you are a much better judge of than I, not only becauſe you underſtand my work better than I do myſelf*, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a maſter of them. I would only recommend that the Tranſlator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his uſage of ſome *Terms* which may be more *preciſe* in modern philoſophy than ſuch as he could ſerve himſelf of, eſpecially in matters metaphyſical. I think this ſpecimen

[k] Of his *Eſſay on Man* into Latin proſe. W.

* This is one of the moſt ſingular conceſſions ever made by any author; and a fulſome ſtrain of flattery indeed.

cimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus[l] will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder[m]. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last Step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects.

Adieu.

[l] The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. W.

[m] The Letters published by Dr. Swift. W.

Adieu. Believe I wiſh you nearer us; the only power I wiſh, is that of attaching, and at the ſame time ſupporting, ſuch congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents ſo ſick of letter-writing, as to be almoſt afraid of the ſhadow of my own pen, you would be the perſon I ſhould oftenеſt pour myſelf out to: indeed for a good reaſon, for you have given me the ſtrongeſt proofs of underſtanding, and accepting my meaning in the beſt manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearneſs of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I muſt juſt mention the two greateſt I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the ſtrangeſt circumſtance) by his own conſent and direction[n], without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till ſome

[n] N. B. This was the ſtrongeſt reſentment he ever expreſſed of this indiſcretion of his old friend, as being perſuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, though it expoſed him to the ill-will of others. W.

ſome proſperous event to your ſervice ſhall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with thoſe glimpſes of you, which a ſhort ſpring viſit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my ſighs and wiſhes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *ſecond Volume* °; and particularly of the *Digreſſions*, for they are *ſo much more of you*; and I can truſt your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent *. You will, I queſtion not, verify the good proverb, that the furtheſt way about, is the neareſt way home: and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *more Theologorum;* and perſiſting in the ſame old track, where ſo many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining †, and, I think, inſtructive ſtory of Dr. W * * *, who was, in this, the image of * * *, who never admit

° Of *the Divine Legation.* W.

* The Digreſſions are many of them learned, curious, and entertaining; but ſome good judges will not allow them to be pertinent.

† This ſtory concerning Dr. *Waterland*, is related with much pleaſantry by Dr. *Middleton*, in the following words: "In his laſt journey from Cambridge to London, being attended by Dr. Plumtree, and Dr. Cheſelden the ſurgeon, he lodged the ſecond night at Hodſden; where being obſerved to have been coſtive on the road, he was adviſed to have a clyſter, to which he conſented. The Apothecary was preſently ſent for, to whom Dr. Plumtree gave his orders below ſtairs, while Dr. Waterland continued above; upon which the Apothecary could not forbear expreſſing his great

mit of any remedy from a hand they diſlike. But I am ſorry he had ſo much of the modern Chriſtian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for ſuch.

I am juſt returning to London, and ſhall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the laſt ſpring.

I am, etc.

great ſenſe of the honour which he received, in being called to the aſſiſtance of ſo celebrated a perſon, whoſe writings he was well acquainted with. The company ſignified ſome ſurpriſe to find a country Apothecary ſo learned; but he aſſured them, that he was no ſtranger to the merit and character of the Doctor, but had lately read his ingenious Book with much pleaſure, *The Divine Legation of Moſes*. Dr. Plumtree, and a Fellow of Magdalen, there preſent, took pains to convince the Apothecary of his miſtake, while C——n ran up ſtairs with an account of his blunder to Waterland, who provoked by it into a violent paſſion, called the poor fellow a puppy, and blockhead, who muſt needs be ignorant in his profeſſion and unfit to adminiſter any thing to him, and might poſſibly poiſon his bowels; and notwithſtanding Dr. Plumtree's endeavours to moderate his diſpleaſure, by repreſenting the expediency of the operation, and the man's capacity to perform it, he would hear nothing in his favour, but ordered him to be diſcharged, and poſtponed the benefit of the clyſter till he reached his next ſtage."

LETTER X.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the inſtance given of——You owe me much friendſhip of this latter ſort, having been too profuſe of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: when, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by paſſing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of ſome uſe to me, as well as pleaſure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be aſſured, my ſincereſt eſteem and affection are yours.

LETTER XI.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indiſpoſition I have to writing, unleſs upon a belief of the neceſſity or uſe of it, muſt plead my excuſe in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat aſſurances of

of the true and conſtant friendſhip and eſteem I bear you. Honeſt and ingenuous minds are ſure of each other's; the tie is mutual and ſolid. The uſe of writing letters reſolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: unleſs I ever ſhould be ſo fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, ſome real benefit done you by my means. But fortune ſeldom ſuffers one diſintereſted man to ſerve another. 'Tis too much an inſult upon her to let two of thoſe who moſt deſpiſe her favours, be happy in them at the ſame time, and in the ſame inſtance. I wiſh for nothing ſo much at her hands, as that ſhe would permit ſome great Perſon or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; though very lately a nobleman whom you eſteem much more than you know, had deſtined, etc.——

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other ſubjects, I ſhould break my reſolution, and become an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I ſhould go on jingling only the ſame bells!

I have received ſome chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon[p]. As for mine, I will die before I re-

[p] This relates to an accidental affair which happened this ſummer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P. after one day's ſtay going weſtward, and Mr. W. who ſtaid a day after him,

I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any ſcruple of beſtowing one on you, in a ſcience of which you are ſo great a maſter. In ſhort, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am ſure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deſerving, there can be none given to the undeſerving; no more from the hands of Prieſts, than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true Bleſſings*.

LETTER XII.

September 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendſhip, but the diſcernment of that nobleman [9] I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to ſerve you. And his judgment is ſo uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleaſure to you to owe him any thing; inſtead of a ſhame, which often is the caſe in the favours of men of that rank. I am ſorry I can only wiſh you well, and not do

him, to viſit the Dean of C. C. returning to London. On this day the Vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L. ſent him a meſſage to his lodgings, by a perſon of eminence in that place, with an unuſual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him: to which ſuch an anſwer was returned as ſo civil a meſſage deſerved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the ſame offer made him of a Doctor's degree in Law. And to the iſſue of that unaſked and unſought compliment theſe words allude. W.

[9] Lord Cheſterfield. W.

do myſelf honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myſelf when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deſerving than you have made yourſelf.

I don't know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I aſk your pardon, though it be truth, for ſaying ſo much.——

If I can prevail on myſelf to complete [r] the Dunciad, it will be publiſhed at the ſame time with a general edition of all my Verſes (for Poems I will not call them); and, I hope, your Friendſhip to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Poſterity: I mean to as much of Poſterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as uſual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further than he could on his own feet. We ſhall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the Univerſity: and I tell you once more [s], I will not have it there without you.——

[r] He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in purſuance of the Editor's advice. W.

[s] This was occaſioned by the Editor's requeſting him not to ſlight the honour ready to be done him by the Univerſity; and eſpecially, not to decline it on the Editor's account, who had no reaſon to think the affront done him of complimenting him with an offer and then contriving to evade it, the act of that illuſtrious body, but the exploit of two or three particulars, the creatures of a man in power, and the ſlaves of their own paſſions and prejudices. However, Mr. P. could not be prevailed on to accept of any honours from them, and his reſentment of this low trick gave birth to the celebrated lines, of Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen, in the fourth Dunciad. W.

LETTER XIII.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I AM always naturally ſparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reaſon I think a great one; that it is needleſs after experience, to repeat aſſurances of Friendſhip; and no leſs irkſome to be ſearching for words, to expreſs it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. Firſt, to expreſs a ſatisfaction at your reſolution not to keep up the ball of diſpute with Dr. M. † though, I am ſatisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleaſed at it too, who writes me word upon this occaſion, that he muſt infinitely eſteem a Divine, and an Author, who loves peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookſeller in the room of the honeſt one you have loſt, Mr. G. and I know none who is ſo worthy, and has ſo good a title in that character to ſucceed him, as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper intereſt and pleaſure. I am here in more leiſure than I can poſſibly enjoy ever in my own houſe, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be moſt effectual, to make me reſume the ſtudies I have almoſt laid aſide, by perpetual avocations and diſſipations. If it were practicable

† Dr. M. means Dr. Middleton, and Mr. L. means Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. G. Mr. Gyles.

practicable for you to paſs a month or ſix weeks from home, it is here * I could wiſh to be with you: and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amuſement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral ſtrokes to merit ſome regard from ſuch men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either caſe, this place and this houſe would be an inviolable aſylum to you, from all you would deſire to avoid, in ſo public a ſcene as Bath. The worthy man who is the maſter of it, invites you in the ſtrongeſt terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is ſincerer and plainer than almoſt any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be ſerviceable to your complaints, (as I believe from what you have told me of them,) no opportunity can ever be better. It is juſt the beſt ſeaſon. We are told the Biſhop of Saliſbury † is

* This was the Letter which brought Dr. Warburton to Mr. Allen's houſe at Bath; which viſit laid the foundation of his fortune. Biſhop Hare, having recommended him to Queen Caroline, 1737, a little before her death, deſired him, as we are informed by Dr. Hurd, to alter or omit a paſſage in the 1ſt vol. of the *Divine Legation*, which contained a ſtroke of pleaſantry on Woolaſton's Religion of Nature, becauſe her Majeſty affected to be fond of that Treatiſe.

† Some years afterwards Mr. Towne, the intimate friend of Warburton, publiſhed ſome ſevere remarks on Sherlock's incomparable Sermons, who had contradicted ſome tenets in the *Divine Legation*.

is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at leaſt, though a biſhop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You ſee I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myſelf light, ſince I have known your partiality. You will want no ſervant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will ſerve us. Here is a Library, and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horſeback be here in three days; it is leſs than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leiceſter, Stow in the Wolde in Glouceſterſhire, and Cirenceſter by Lord Bathurſt's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

> Audiſtin'? an me ludit amabilis
> Inſania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preſerve you ever.

LETTER XIV.

November 22, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and ſatisfactory anſwer, and all I can deſire. Do but inſtantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you ſet out. For I think (on all conſiderations) your beſt way will be to take London in your way. It will ſecure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you ſhould take ſome care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more ſerviceable in ſettling any ſuch accounts than Mr. Knapton, who ſo well knows the trade, and is of ſo acknowledged a credit in it. If you can ſtay but a few days there, I ſhould be glad; though I would not have you omit any neceſſary thing to yourſelf. I wiſh too you would juſt ſee * * *, though when you have paſſed a month here, it will be time enough for all we have to do in town, and they will be leſs buſy, probably, than juſt before the Seſſion opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you ſhall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may ſend to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the maſter of this houſe; and by ſharing with me, what I think one of the chief ſatisfactions of my life, his Friendſhip. But whether I ſhall owe you any in contributing to make me a ſcribbler again [t], I know not.

LETTER XV.

April 23, 1742.

My letters are very ſhort, partly becauſe I could by no length of *writings* (not even by ſuch as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and eſteem; and partly becauſe I want time and eyes. I can't ſufficiently tell you both my pleaſure and my gratefulneſs, in and for your two laſt letters, which ſhew your zeal ſo ſtrong for that piece of my idleneſs, which was literally written only to keep *me* from ſleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others ſleep unleſs awakened by my Commentator; no uncommon caſe among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I ſhall ſeize

[t] He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the ſummer before: and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor ſhould ſee. W.

ſeize all the hours I can: for his ſtay (I fear by what he writes) will be very ſhort.——I do not think it impoſſible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to ſee (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old ſervant.—In that caſe I think to go with him, and if it ſhould be at a ſeaſon when the waters are beneficial, (which agree particularly with him too,) would it be an impoſſibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whoſe houſe, you know, and heart are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I ſhould not be ſorry you ſaw ſo great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again.——Adieu. The world is not what I wiſh it; I will not repent being in it while two or three live *.

I am, etc.

* Dr. Warburton has given the following account of the cauſes of the rupture betwixt him and Lord Bolingbroke:

"About the year 1742, a little before Lord Bolingbroke's return to England, this *Critic* was with Mr. Pope at T. who ſhewed him a printed book of *Letters on the Study and Uſe of Hiſtory*, and deſired his opinion of it. It was the firſt volume of the work ſince publiſhed under that name. Mr. W. on turning over the book, told him his thoughts of it with great ingenuity. What he ſaid to Mr. Pope of the main ſubject is not material: but of the Digreſſion concerning the Authenticity of the Old Teſtament, he told his friend very frankly, that the Author's arguments, poor as they were, were all borrowed from other writers, and had been confuted to the full ſatisfaction of the learned world: that the Author of theſe *Letters*, whoever he was, had miſtaken ſome of thoſe reaſonings; had miſrepreſented others; and had added ſuch miſtakes of his own, as muſt diſcredit him with the learned, and diſhonour him with all honeſt men: that therefore, as he underſtood the Author was his friend, he could not do him better ſervice than adviſe him to ſtrike out this digreſſion; a digreſſion that had nothing to do with the ſubject, and

LETTER XVI.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will ſhew you I am ſtill with our friend, but it is the laſt day; and I would rather you heard of me pleaſed, as I yet am, than chagrined as I ſhall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wiſh you

and would ſet half his readers againſt the work, which, without this occaſion of ſcandal, would have much ado to make head againſt the other half, whenever it ſhould appear. Mr. Pope ſaid, his friend (whoſe name he kept ſecret) was the moſt candid of all writers; and that he, the Author of the D. L. could not do him a greater pleaſure than to tell him his thoughts with all freedom on this occaſion. He urged this ſo warmly, that his friend complied, and, as they were then alone, ſcribbled over half a dozen ſheets of paper, before he roſe from the table where they were then ſitting. Mr. Pope read what was written; and, as he had a wonderful partiality for thoſe he loved, approved of them; and to convince his friend (the *Scribbler* as my Lord rightly calls him) that he did ſo, he took up the printed volume, and croſſed out the word *Digreſſion*. The remarks were written, as you may well ſuppoſe, with all the civility Mr. W. was likely to uſe to a friend Mr. Pope appeared ſo much to reverence: but the word *prevarication*, or ſomething like it, chanced, it ſeems, to eſcape his pen. The papers were ſent to Paris, and received with unparalleled indignation. Little broke out; but ſomething did: and Mr. Pope found he had not paid his court by this officious piece of ſervice. However, with regard to the writer of the papers, all was carried, when his Lordſhip came over, with ſingular complaiſance: ſuch as men uſe when their deſign is to draw on thoſe whoſe homage they propoſe to gain. In the mean time, his Lordſhip was meditating and compiling an angry and elaborate anſwer to this private, haſty, and impertinent, though well-meant *Scribble*: and it was as much as they could do, who had moſt influence over him, to prevail with him at length to burn it. For the truth

you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You ſay no more than that you got home well. I expect

truth of all this, I might appeal to a Noble Perſon, one of the greateſt characters of this, or indeed of any age; who being much courted by his Lordſhip, (for ſuperior virtue will force homage from the moſt unlike,) was for ſome time able, and at all times moſt deſirous, of reſtraining the extravagance of that *firſt Philoſophy*, which he deteſted and deſpiſed.

"The event has ſince ſhewn, that it would have been happy for his Lordſhip's reputation, had the advice to ſtrike out the *Digreſſion* been approved: for it is this which firſt ſunk him in the popular opinion; and made men overlook the merit of the very beſt of his compoſitions.

"Mr. Pope, however, was ſtill flattered and careſſed; and the vengeance treaſured up againſt him, for the impiety of eraſing thoſe ſacred papers, did not break out till after the Poet's death: then, indeed, it came forth with redoubled vehemence, and on the moſt ridiculous pretence. Pope had, as his Lordſhip pretended, unknown to him, printed an edition of the *Patriot Prince*, or *Patriot King*, (for it had two titles, as his Lordſhip's various occaſions required,) a very innocent thing, which might have been proclaimed by the common cryer, without giving the leaſt umbrage or offence. To ſay the truth, it was a mere ſchool declamation, which, in great pomp of words, informs us of this ſecret, *That if a Prince could once be brought to love his Country, he would always act for the good of it.* As extraordinary as this diſcovery appears, there was much odd practice employed to give a colour of neceſſity for the publiſhing it. However, publiſhed it was, and the memory of Pope traduced in ſo cruel, ſo ſcandalous a manner, that the reader is ſuffered to conclude, even Curl himſelf could not have acted a more infamous or raſcally part: for it muſt be owned his Lordſhip has dealt one equal meaſure to his Country, his Religion, and his Friend. And for what was all this outrage? To ſpeak the worſt of the offence, for one of thoſe private offices of indiſcreet good-will which generous men are always ready to forgive, even when they ſee themſelves moſt incommoded by it.

"The

expect a more particular account of you when you have repoſed yourſelf a while at your own fire-ſide. I ſhall inquire as ſoon as I am in London, which of my friends have ſeen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wiſh I was as ſure they would ſtudy to ſerve you.—A project has ariſen in my head to make you, in ſome meaſure, the Editor of this new edition of the Dunciad[u], if you have no ſcruple of owning ſome of the graver notes, which are now added to thoſe of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertiſement to the public, of your Commentaries, on the *Eſſay on Man*, and on *Criticiſm*, which I propoſe to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of theſe notes to ſo ludicrous a poem be ſuitable to a character ſo eſtabliſhed as yours for more ſerious ſtudies. It was a ſudden thought ſince we parted;

"The public ſtood amazed, and thoſe who had any regard for the Poet's memory, waited with impatience to ſee which of his *old* Friends would reſcue it from his Lordſhip's talons. Contempt, I ſuppoſe, of ſo cruel a treatment, kept them all ſilent. However, the ſame contempt at length provoked an anonymous writer to publiſh a Letter to the *Editor of the Patriot King*: for his Lordſhip had divided himſelf into two perſonages of *Editor* and *Author*. This Letter, written with all the reſpect due to his rank and character, he thought fit to aſcribe to the Author of the *Divine Legation*; ſo that you need not wonder if it expoſed the ſuſpected writer to all his Lordſhip's rage, and to all the ribaldry of his ſycophants, of which ſome, that was ſaid to paſs through this great man's hands, was in language bad enough to diſgrace even gaols and garrets."

[u] That is, of the four books complete. W.

parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be ſuppreſſed; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reaſon to make you intereſt yourſelf in me and my writings. It will cauſe both them and me to make the better figure to poſterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton*, is yet taken ſome notice of becauſe Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.——

Adieu. May every domeſtic happineſs make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend, you do that kindneſs for, treat you ſo as to make you forget you are not at home!

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

December 28, 1742.

I HAVE always ſo many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at leaſt, and therefore ſtaid till it was finiſhed. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book firſt determined me to do ſo; and the approbation

* *Drayton* deſerves a much higher character. He abounds in many beautiful and natural deſcriptions, and ſome very harmonious lines. And *Selden*'s notes are full of curious antiquarian reſearches. Pope was as much ſuperior to Drayton, as Selden was to Warburton.

tion you ſeemed to give it was what ſingly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Diſcourſe in the name of Ariſtarchus have given its laſt finiſhings and ornaments.——I am glad you will refreſh the *memory* of ſuch readers as have no other faculty to be readers, eſpecially of ſuch works as the *Divine Legation* *. But I hope you will not take too much

* One of the moſt ſhrewd and acute objections ever urged againſt the reaſoning of the Divine Legation, is in the following Letter of Dr. *Middleton* to *Warburton:*

" When I was laſt in London, I met with a little Piece, written with the ſame view and on the ſame plan with yours: an anonymous Letter from Geneva, evincing the divine Miſſion of Moſes, from the Inſtitution of the Sabbatic year. The author ſets out, like you, from this ſingle Poſtulatum, that Moſes was a conſummate Law-giver; and ſhews that he could never have enjoined a Law ſo whimſical, impolitic, and hazardous, expoſing the people to certain famine, as oft as the preceding or following year proved barren, if he, who has all Nature at command, had not warranted the ſucceſs of it. The letter is ingenious and ſprightly, and dreſſes out, in a variety of colours, the abſurdity of the inſtitution, on the ſuppoſition of its being human. It is in French, and publiſhed in Bibliothéque Germanique, tom. xxx.

" But will not this gaiety of cenſuring the Law be found too adventurous, and expoſe your Poſtulatum itſelf to ſome hazard? eſpecially when there is a fact generally allowed by the learned, that ſeems to overturn all this ſpecious reaſoning at once; *viz.* that this Law of the Sabbatic year was never obſerved. For, if ſo, it may be objected, with ſome ſhew of reaſon, that Moſes had charged himſelf with the iſſue of events too delicate, and beyond his reach, and imprudently enjoined what uſe and experience ſhewed to be impracticable. I am apprehenſive likewiſe that your work will not ſtand wholly clear of objections: your ſcheme, as I take it, is to ſhew, that ſo able a man as Moſes could not poſſibly have omitted the doctrine of a future ſtate, thought ſo neceſſary to government by all other Legiſlators, had he not done it

much notice of another and a duller ſort; thoſe who become writers through malice, and muſt die whenever you pleaſe to ſhine out in the completion of the Work: which I wiſh were now your only anſwer to any of them: except you will make uſe of that ſhort and excellent one you gave me in the ſtory of the *reading-glaſs*.

The world here grows very buſy. About what time is it you think of being amongſt us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, ſo that I may expect more of your company as one good reſulting out of evil.

I write,

it by expreſs direction of the Deity; and that under the miraculous diſpenſations of the Theocracy, he could neither want it himſelf for the inforcing a reſpect to his laws, nor yet the people, for the encouragement of their obedience. But what was the conſequence? Why the people were perpetually apoſtatizing either to the Superſtitions of Egypt or the Idolatries of Canaan; and, tired with the load of their Ceremonies, wholly dropped them at laſt, and ſunk into all kinds of vice and profaneneſs; till the Prophets, in order to revive and preſerve a ſenſe of Religion amongſt them, began to preach up the rational duties of Morality, and inſinuate the doctrine of a future ſtate."—*Letter to Mr. Warburton, Sept.* 11, 1736.

Our author did not perhaps know that his learned and excellent friend, Biſhop Berkley, had remarked, long before the Divine Legation was publiſhed, "That Moſes, indeed, doth not inſiſt on a future ſtate, the common baſis of all political Inſtitutions; nor do other Law-givers make a particular mention of all things neceſſary, but ſuppoſe ſome things as generally known and believed. The belief of a future ſtate, (which it is manifeſt the Jews were poſſeſſed of long before the coming of Chriſt) ſeems to have obtained among the Hebrews from primæval Tradition; which might render it unneceſſary for Moſes to inſiſt on that article."—*A Diſcourſe addreſſed to Magiſtrates.*

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which ſays every thing to a friend, "I "am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being ſo of *any thing*, but firſt and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my ſenſe of all the *Kindneſs* over and above all the *Juſtice* you ſhall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleaſure than an additional ſheet to [x] Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Eraſmus aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the firſt pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to expreſs myſelf in, but could not omit this which delighted me ſo greatly.

My Law-ſuit with L. is at an end.—Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford; Sit tibi cura mei, ſit tibi cura tui.*

[x] On the origin of the books of Chivalry. W.

LETTER XVIII.

January 18, 1742.

I AM forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyeſight grows every day ſhorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I anſwer you ſummarily. I can even leſs bear an equal part in a correſpondence than in a converſation with you. But be aſſured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am inſtructed and pleaſed. And this misfortune of my own dulneſs, and my own abſence, only quickens my ardent wiſh that ſome good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in ſuch a ſituation, as might make more beneficial friends, than I, eſteem and enjoy you equally.—— I have again heard from Lord * * and another hand, that the Lord [y] I writ to you of, declares an intention to ſerve you. My anſwer (which they related to him) was, that he would be ſure of your acquaintance for life if once he ſerved, or obliged you; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu, and let me be ſometimes certified of your health. My own is as uſual; and my affection the ſame, always yours.

[y] Granville. W.

LETTER XIX.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you amongſt the very few I now deſire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* 'Tis in effect all I ſay: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life deſirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or intereſt have not the leaſt ſhare in any friendſhip I have; or cauſe me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive ſhould draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to ſave the friend I would have him ſerve from doing it. Rather than lay a deſerving perſon under the neceſſity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Though, in truth, I live in a time when no meaſures of conduct influence the ſucceſs of one's applications, and the beſt thing to truſt to is chance and opportunity.

I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words ſoever I make of it—A greater pleaſure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen ſo, who is not only worth more than —— intrinſically; but, I foreſee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man leſs truly great than an honeſt one is but ſmall.—

I have lived much by myſelf of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuſe myſelf with little im-

provements in my garden and houſe, to which poſſibly I ſhall (if I live) be ſoon more confined. When the Dunciad may be publiſhed I know not. I am more deſirous of carrying on the beſt, that is your edition of the reſt of the *Epiſtles* and *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, etc. I know it is there * I ſhall be ſeen moſt to advantage. But I inſiſt on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourſelf in finiſhing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo*[z]) or any other uſeful ſcheme of your own. It would be a ſatisfaction to me at preſent only to hear that you have ſupported your health among theſe epidemical diſorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almoſt every one.

* The judgment he here paſſes on his own works is remarkable, and worth attending to.

[z] Either his friendſhip for the Editor, or his love of Religion, made him have this very much at heart; and almoſt the laſt words he ſaid to the Editor as he was dying, was the conjuring him to finiſh the laſt Volume; which, indignation, as he ſuppoſed, at the ſcurrilities of a number of nameleſs ſcribblers, had retarded. W.

LETTER XX.

June 5.

I WISH that inſtead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you ſome ſervice as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as ſparing of words as moſt old men are of money, though I daily find leſs occaſion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honeſt man to beſtow; nor indeed of an honeſt man to receive, conſidering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are moſt acceptable to veteran Authors; thoſe garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not bloſſoms ſpringing from the dry Author.

It is very unreaſonable after this, to give you a ſecond trouble in reviſing the *Eſſay on Homer*[a]. But I look upon you as one ſworn to ſuffer no errors in me: and though the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the beſt office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new

[a] The Editor did reviſe and correct it as it now ſtands in the laſt edition. W.

new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little leſs defective, and the bookſeller will not allow me time to do ſo myſelf.

Lord B. returns to France very ſpeedily, and it is poſſible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the ſummer; of which I will not fail to advertiſe you, if it ſuits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my ſcribbling ſo haſtily and ſo ill. My eyes are at leaſt as bad as my head, and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpoſe,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

July 18.

You may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you ſhew to every thing that concerns me is ſo manifeſt, and ſo repeated, that you cannot but tell yourſelf how neceſſarily I muſt pay them in my heart, which makes it almoſt impertinent to ſay ſo. Your alterations to the Preface and Eſſay[b] are juſt; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern, that my notions in my

[b] Prefixed to his Homer's Iliad. W.

my firſt writings ſhould not be repugnant to thoſe in my laſt. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not ſo much that I thought wrong or perverſely, as that I had not thought ſufficiently. What I could correct in the diſſipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and ſome there are which ſtill want your help to be made as they ſhould be.—Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month, or in September, and I will join him as ſoon as I can return from the other party; I believe not till September at ſooneſt.—You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but juſt like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances [c] than your Fame; becauſe the firſt, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourſelf; the ſecond is ſecure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never ſaid one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very ſanguine. But accidents and occaſions may do what Virtue would not; and God ſend they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preſerve our own poor ſhare of the private. Be aſſured, If I have any, I am with a true ſenſe of your merit and friendſhip, etc.

[c] His debt from the Executor of Mr. Gyles. W.

LETTER XXII.

October 7.

I HEARTILY thank you for yours, from which I learned your ſafe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am intereſted in whatever is, and deſerves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happineſs. I have many reaſons and experiences to convince me, how much you wiſh health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were ſecure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertiſed in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER XXIII.

January 12, 1743.

AN unwillingneſs to write nothing to you, whom I reſpect; and worſe than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wiſhes me ſo well, has hitherto kept me ſilent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reaſonable man; and of myſelf

myſelf only an account that would give you pain; for my aſthma has increaſed every week ſince you laſt heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-ſide; ſo that I have hardly ſeen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myſelf, and are conſtantly retired at Batterſea. There I have paſt moſt of my time, and often wiſhed you of the company, as the beſt I know to make me not regret the loſs of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler ſcene than any mortal greatneſs can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you deſign to come this way, one of them (whom I much wiſh you had a glimpſe of) will be gone again, unleſs you paſs ſome weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My preſent indiſpoſition takes up almoſt all my hours, to render a very few of them ſupportable: yet I go on ſoftly to prepare the great edition of my Things with your Notes, and as faſt I receive any from you, I add others in order.——

I am told the Laureat is going to publiſh a very abuſive pamphlet. That is all I can deſire; it is enough, if it be abuſive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him ſo much as to anſwer him, though you have anſwered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a doſe of hartſhorn: and as a ſtink revives one who has been oppreſſed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a courſe of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that ſome of your Clergy are offended * at a verſe or two of mine[d], becauſe I have reſpect for *your* Clergy (though the Verſes are harder upon *ours*). But if they do not blame *you* for defending thoſe verſes, I will wrap myſelf up in the layman's cloak, and ſleep under your ſhield.

I am ſorry to find by a letter two poſts ſince from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indiſpoſition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be diſcouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

IF I was not aſhamed to be ſo behind-hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up, (any more than I could in my preſent ſtate, to overtake you in a race,) I would particularize which of your letters I ſhould have anſwered firſt. It muſt ſuffice to ſay I have received them all; and whatever very little reſpites

* It was ſurely impoſſible for them *not* to take offence, at one of the ſevereſt, and, we hope, undeſerved ſarcaſms ever caſt on their order. And it is not a little ſurpriſing that the friend under whoſe guidance our poet had now placed himſelf, did not prevail on him to ſuppreſs theſe injurious lines.

[d] Ver. 355 to 358. ſecond book of the Dunciad. W.

ſpites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in reviſing the papers *on the Uſe of Riches*, which I would have ready for your laſt reviſe againſt you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my conſtitution make me willing to ſee the end of all further care about me or my works. I would reſt for the one, in a full reſignation of my being to be diſpoſed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be ſome example) I would commit them to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious reader. And no hand can ſet them * in ſo good a light, or ſo well turn their beſt ſide to the day, as your own. This obliges me to confeſs I have for ſome months thought myſelf going, and that not ſlowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the phyſicians, and ſtill the laſt medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to ſerve me. I was at laſt, about ſeven days ago, taken with ſo violent a fit at Batterſea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. ſent for preſent help to the ſurgeon; whoſe bleeding me, I am perſuaded, ſaved my life, by the inſtantaneous effect it had; and which

* Without incurring, I hope, the cenſure of being a ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, I venture to ſay, that our author's fond expectation of his commentator's ſetting his works in the beſt light, was extremely ill-founded.

which has continued ſo much to amend me, that I have paſſed five days without oppreſſion, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, ſome degree of expectoration, and ſome hours together of ſleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take ſome part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds: and between that place and Batterſea with my Lord B. I will paſs what I have of life, while he ſtays (which I can tell you, to my great ſatisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet). What if you came before Mr. Allen, and ſtaid till then, inſtead of poſtponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, juſt tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: but that I will do, the firſt day I find myſelf alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be, even here, or in any ſpirits yet to hold a pen. You ſee I ſay nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

April 1744.

I AM ſorry to meet you with ſo bad an account of myſelf, who ſhould otherwiſe with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week ſo much worſe, as to make my journey

journey thither, at preſent, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the higheſt of all powers I muſt bow to without murmuring. I wiſh to ſee you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuſe to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours juſt now, and I writ to hinder —— from printing the Comment on the *Uſe of Riches* too haſtily, ſince what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwiſe, that you might reviſe it during your ſtay. Indeed my preſent weakneſs will make me leſs and leſs capable of any thing. I hope at leaſt, now at firſt, to ſee you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert meaſures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendſhip[c].

I am, etc.

[c] He died May 30. following. W.

GUARDIANS*.

N° 4. MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH moſt things which are wrong in their own nature, are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle word, the Cuſtom; yet there are ſome, which

* It is obſervable that our author wrote no one paper in the *Spectator:* though his friend *Parnelle* did ſeveral, chiefly in the way of *Viſions*, and in a ſtyle forced and inflated, and much inferior to theſe *eight* papers of our author. *Addiſon* wrote *fifty-two* papers in the *Guardian*, the plan of which was far inferior to that of the *Spectator*. For what had the Guardian of the *Sparkler* to do with Subjects of Criticiſm and Philoſophy? The ſecret charm of the Spectator conſiſted in intereſting the reader in the characters and actions of the ſeveral members of the club, and conſequently in the *dramatic caſt* given to thoſe Eſſays. The ſucceſſors of the *Spectator*, even thoſe that have been moſt popular, ſeem to have been unfortunate in the *Titles* they aſſumed. Who would ſuppoſe that the *Rambler* (il Vagabondo, as the Italian tranſlator termed it) was a ſeries of the graveſt and moſt moral Eſſays? The *Adventurer*, it ſeems, alluded to its being a kind of *Knight Errantry* to attack the Vices and Follies of Men. The *Connoiſſeur*, though you would naturally expect it from the title, yet contained nothing that related to the fine Arts. The *World* was an appropriated and happy title, becauſe it pointed out the chief deſign of touching on the topics of the day, and the living manners of the times. And this ſignificant title was given to it, by the ſenſible Publiſher of it, Mr. Robert Dodſley, at a meeting of ſeveral of the author's friends, who univerſally gave the preference to his propoſal againſt their own.

which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe conſequence as it is generally uſed by people of politeneſs, and whom a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of Praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving. Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even Truth itſelf in a Dedication is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe or Vizor-Maſque, and will appear a Cheat by being dreſt ſo like one. Though the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon, that, becauſe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praiſes in his face. It is juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was advanced to triumph for his ſervices: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumſtance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can.

can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet he great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point, but the patron's permiſſion before hand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering Dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid

to

to ſuch perſons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after a victory: and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me but that I happened to know the authors: he who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo, it is certain, none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand, that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon theſe paſteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods and ribbands, brought by her tire-woman with great care and diligence, I employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair ſex. What was moſt legible was the Dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe Gothic ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſort of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader as follows. * * * "Though it is a kind of prophana-"tion to approach your Grace with ſo poor an offer-"ing, yet when I reflect how acceptable a ſacrifice of

" firſt-fruits was to Heaven, in the earlieſt and pureſt " ages of religion, that they were honoured with " ſolemn feaſts, and conſecrated to altars by a Divine " command; * * * Upon that conſideration, as an " argument of particular zeal, I dedicate * * * It is " impoſſible to behold you without adoring; yet " dazzled and awed by the glory that ſurrounds you, " men feel a ſacred power, that refines their flames, " and renders them pure as thoſe we ought to offer " to the Deity. * * * * The ſhrine is worthy the " divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we ſee " what woman was before ſhe fell, how nearly allied " to the purity and perfection of angels. And we " adore and bleſs the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious Dedication, could not but convince the Ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the Critics, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the Celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred praiſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer, of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any

book, either Proſe or Verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, that it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then, as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhown to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I

follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyric: but ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I ſo much deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but, till then, can only aſſure you, that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your affectionate Friend, and
The greateſt of your Admirers.

N° 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1713.

Huc propriùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 80.

" *To the* GUARDIAN.

" SIR,

" As you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any
" way contribute to the Public Good, I flatter
" myſelf I may claim your Countenance and Pro-
" tection. I am by Profeſſion a Mad-Doctor, but
" of a peculiar kind, not of thoſe whoſe Aim it
" is to remove Phrenzies, but one who make it
" my Buſineſs to confer an agreeable Madneſs on
" my Fellow-Creatures, for their mutual Delight

" and

" and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the Philo-
" ſophers, that Happineſs and Miſery conſiſt chiefly
" in the imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to
" Mankind in general than this pleaſing Delirium,
" which renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and
" perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

" I have for ſeveral Years, both at home and
" abroad, made this Science my particular Study,
" which I may venture to ſay I have improved in
" almoſt all the Courts of Europe; and have re-
" duced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a Method, as to
" practiſe it on both Sexes, of what Diſpoſition,
" Age, or Quality ſoever, with Succeſs. What
" enables me to perform this great work, is the
" uſe of my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand*
" *Elixir*, to ſupport the Spirits of human Nature.
" This remedy is of the moſt grateful Flavour in
" the World, and agrees with all Taſtes whatever.
" It is delicate to the Senſes, delightful in the
" Operation, may be taken at all Hours without
" Confinement, and is as properly given at a Ball
" or Playhouſe as in a private Chamber. It re-
" ſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected Minds, cor-
" rects and extracts all that is painful in the Know-
" ledge of a Man's ſelf. One Doſe of it will in-
" ſtantly diſperſe itſelf through the whole Animal
" Syſtem, diſſipate the firſt Motions of Diſtruſt, ſo
" as never to return, and ſo exhilarate the Brain,
" and rarify the Gloom of Reflection, as to give

" the Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of " Behaviour, and a pleaſing Dependence upon their " own Capacities.

" Let a Perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe " him not to deſpair; even though he has been " troubled many Years with reſtleſs Reflections, " which by long Neglect have hardened into ſettled " Conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung with " Satire, may here find a certain Antidote, which " infallibly diſperſes all the Remains of Poiſon that " has been left in the Underſtanding by bad Cures. " It fortifies the Heart againſt the Rancour of " Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of Epigrams, and the " Mortification of Lampoons; as has been often " experienced by ſeveral perſons of both Sexes, " during the Seaſons of *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*.

" I could, as further inſtances of my Succeſs, " produce Certificates and Teſtimonials from the " Favourites and Ghoſtly Fathers of the moſt " eminent Princes of Europe; but ſhall content " myſelf with the Mention of a few Cures, which " I have performed by this my *Grand Univerſal* " *Reſtorative*, during the Practice of one Month " only ſince I came to this City.

" *Cures in the Month of* February, 1713.

" George Spondee, Eſq; Poet, and Inmate of the " Pariſh of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, fell into vio- " lent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third Night.

" He

" He had been frighted into a Vertigo by the Sound " of Cat-calls on the Firſt Day; and the frequent " Hiſſings on the Second made him unable to en- " dure the bare Pronunciation of the Letter S. I " ſearched into the Cauſes of his Diſtemper; and " by the Preſcription of a Doſe of my *Obſequium*, " prepared *ſecundum Artem*, recovered him to his " natural State of Madneſs. I caſt in at proper " Intervals the Words, *Ill Taſte of the Town*, *Envy of* " *Critics*, *Bad Performance of the Actors*, and the like. " He is ſo perfectly cured, that he has promiſed to " bring another Play upon the Stage next Winter.

" A Lady of profeſſed Virtue of the Pariſh of " St. James's Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her " Name may be concealed, having taken Offence " at a Phraſe of double Meaning in Converſation, " undiſcovered by any other in the Company, ſud- " denly fell into a cold Fit of Modeſty. Upon a " right Application of Praiſe of her Virtue, I threw " the Lady into an agreeable waking Dream, ſettled " the Fermentation of her Blood into a warm " Charity, ſo as to make her look with Patience " on the very Gentleman that offended.

" Hilaria, of the Pariſh of St. Giles's in the " Fields, a Coquette of long Practice, was, by the " Reprimand of an old Maiden, reduced to look " grave in Company, and deny herſelf the play of " the Fan. In ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch me- " lancholy Circumſtances, that ſhe would ſome-

" times unawares fall into Devotion at Church. I " adviſed her to take a few *innocent Freedoms, with* " *occaſional Kiſſes*, preſcribed her the *Exerciſe of the* " *Eyes*, and immediately raiſed her to her former " State of Life. She on a ſudden recovered her " Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her " Glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt has " not once been ſeen in an attentive Poſture. This " the Church-Wardens are ready to atteſt upon " Oath.

" Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mo- " hock, was almoſt induced, by an aged Bencher " of the ſame Houſe, to leave off bright Conver- " ſation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He " was ſo ill that his Hat began to flap, and he was " ſeen one Day in the laſt Term at Weſtminſter- " Hall. This Patient had quite loſt his Spirit of " Contradiction; I, by the Diſtillation of a few " of my vivifying Drops in his Ear, drew him from " his Lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſual viva- " cious Miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very " eaſy in his Condition.

" I will not dwell upon the Recital of the in- " numerable Cures I have performed within Twenty " Days laſt paſt; but rather proceed to exhort all " Perſons of whatever Age, Complexion, or Quality, " to take as ſoon as poſſible of this my intellectual " Oil; which applied at the Ear, ſeizes all the " Senſes with a moſt agreeable Tranſport, and diſ-

" covers

" covers its Effects, not only to the Satisfaction of " the Patient, but all who converse with, attend " upon, or any way relate to him or her that re- " ceives the kindly Infection. It is often admi- " nistered by Chamber-maids, Valets, or any the " most ignorant Domestic; it being one peculiar " Excellence of this my Oil, that it is most pre- " valent, the more unskilful the Person is, or ap- " pears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary " for Ladies to take a Dose of it just before they " take Coach to go a visiting.

" But I offend the Public, as Horace said, when " I trespass on any of your Time. Give me leave " then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a Present of a " Drachm or two of my Oil; though I have cause " to fear my Prescriptions will not have the Effect " upon you I could wish: Therefore I do not en- " deavour to bribe you in my Favour by the Pre- " sent of my Oil, but wholly depend upon your " public Spirit and Generosity; which, I hope, " will recommend to the World the useful Endea- " vours of,

" SIR,

" Your most obedient, most faithful,

" most devoted, most humble

" Servant and Admirer,

" GNATHO.

" *†* Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

" N. B.

" N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at rea-
" ſonable rates to Gentlemen of the Univerſities,
" who deſire to be qualified for writing Dedica-
" tions; and to young Lovers and Fortune-hunters,
" to be paid at the day of Marriage. I inſtruct
" Perſons of bright Capacities to flatter others, and
" thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter themſelves.

" I was the firſt Inventor of Pocket Looking-
" glaſſes."

N° 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of ſome former papers on the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

1. I DESIGNED to have troubled * the reader with no further diſcourſes of Paſtoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whoſe Eclogues are publiſhed in the

* The irony of this paper was conducted with ſuch delicacy and ſkill that the drift of it was not at firſt perceived. The wits at Button's thought it to be a ſarcaſm on Pope's Paſtorals; *Steele* heſitated about publiſhing it; but *Addiſon* immediately ſaw the deſign of it. "Ut dicam paucis quod ſentio. Similis eſt Theocritus amplo cuidam paſcuo, per ſe ſatis fœcundo, herbis plurimis

the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticiſm, and without any apprehenſion of offending that Gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the firſt rule of Paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the repreſentation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain, that any deviations from that deſign degraded a Poem from being truly paſtoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond: the calumny and railing in the third, are not proper to that ſtate of concord: the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder: As to the fourth,

plurimis frugiferis floribuſque pulchris abundanti, dulcibus etiam fluviis uvido: ſimilis Virgilius horto diſtincto nitentibus areolis; ubi larga florum copia, ſed qui ſtudioſè diſpoſiti, curâque meliore nutriti atque exculti diligenter, olim huc a paſcuo illo majore transferebantur." *Theocritus. Oxon.* 1770. 4to.

fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius [a], Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons abovementioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather Select Poems than Paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs truth, of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz. They never meant them all for paſtorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of Paſtoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman Language, as Philips has by the antiquated Engliſh: For example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui; quoijum* for *cujum; vold* for *vult*,

[a] See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.

vult, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Collin Clout.

5. So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated *ſome ſingle thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an Univerſity education); but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe

whole

whole third paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts of the ſtandard of paſtoral; as his contention of Collin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our own country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment *, deſcribed Wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a Poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Seaſon of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who, in his paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the Nightingale,

"Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep."

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffidils, blow all in the ſame ſeaſon.

7. But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary Paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour

* This paſſage alone might have ſhewn the fine irony of the paper.

deavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately?

HOBB.

" Come, Roſalind, O come, for without thee
" What pleaſure can the country have for me?
" Come, Roſalind, O, come; my brindled kine,
" My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

" Come, Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bowers,
" Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers.
" Come, Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
" And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away."

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

STREPH.

" In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
" At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
" But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
" Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPH.

" Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
" More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
" Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
" But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year."

In

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

HOBB.

" As Marian bath'd by chance I paſſed by,
" She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
" Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
" Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

" As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
" Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
" The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
" Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

STREPH.

" Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
" Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
" But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
" And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH.

" The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
" She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
" While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
" How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral Preſents. Philips ſays thus of a Sheep-hook,

" Of ſeaſon'd elm; where ſtuds of braſs appear,
" To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year;
" The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
" And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd."

The

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

" where wanton ivy twines,
" And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
" Four figures riſing from the work appear,
" The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
" And, what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
" Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie?"

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

" And what that height, which girds the welkin ſheen,
" Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?"

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any further in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, That beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

" O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
" And woeful I, who live the day to ſee!"

The ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy

turn of the words in this Dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

" Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
" Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
" Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
" Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep."

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels: for example:

" A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
" And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.
—" He that late lies down, as late will riſe,
" And ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.
—" Againſt Ill-luck all cunning foreſight fails;
" Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails:
—" Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong."

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral Counties. Spencer ſeems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his Paſtorals in Wales; where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids

bids the other good-morrow, in an unuſual and elegant manner:

" Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
" Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay."

Diggon anſwers:

" Hur was hur, while it was day light;
" But now hur is a moſt wretched wight," etc.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, entitled, A Paſtoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect Paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved, as a further beauty of this Paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking:

CICILY.

" Rager, go vetch tha[b] Kee, or elſe tha Zun
" Will quite bego, bevore c'have half a don.

ROGER.

" Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
" To dreve our bull to bull tha Parſon's Kee."

It

[b] That is, the Kine or Cows. W.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of *Jealouſy*; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

CICILY.

" Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,
" When in yon Vield you kiſs'd tha Parſon's maid:
" Is this the love that once to me you zed,
" When from the Wake thou brought'ſt me ginger-
" bread?

ROGER.

" Cicily, thou charg'ſt me valſe—I'll zwear to thee,
" Tha Parſon's maid is ſtill a maid vor me."

In which anſwer of his, are expreſſed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that innocence of the Golden Age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of Paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world:

" So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
" And vor her bucket in went Cicily."

I am loth to ſhew my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the ſame road with this old Weſt Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention

mention him as a Paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that (according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry) they are by no means Paſtorals, but ſomething better.

N° 61. MAY 21, 1713.

" Primoque a cæde ferarum
" Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum." OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the

other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting *, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy

* Of which cruel ſport our author himſelf is reported to have been once fond.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts * in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood.* However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic be any cauſe of the general perſecution of Owls, (who are a ſort of feathered cats,) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns

* Thomſon has an humane paſſage on this bird's paying his viſit to *truſted man* in the depth of winter.

derns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alleged for the deſtruction of Frogs is becauſe they are like Toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus
Atque Imploranti ſimilis.—

But

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, Pigs whipped to death, Fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe, who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward * of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch † (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly which "has no ears. Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to "be

* He uſed the very ſame expreſſion on the ſame ſubject in his *Eſſay on Man.*

† This is a juſt character of *Plutarch*, whoſe *Lives* are well *known*; but whoſe *Morals* are not read and attended to ſo much as they deſerve, being ſome of the moſt valuable remains of all antiquity. Good editions of them have long been wanted; but we hope the elegant one now publiſhing at Oxford will awaken the attention of many readers.

" be ſo out of faſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt " offend with ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we " kill an animal for our proviſion, let us do it with " the meltings of compaſſion, and without torment- " ing it. Let us conſider, that 'tis in its own " nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; " we at leaſt deſtroy a ſoul that has ſenſe and per- " ception." In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner: " It ought to be eſteemed " a happineſs to mankind, that our humanity has a " wider ſphere to exert itſelf in, than bare juſtice. " It is no more than the obligation of our very birth " to practiſe equity to our own kind; but humanity " may be extended through the whole order of " creatures, even to the meaneſt: ſuch actions of " charity are the over-flowings of a mild good-nature " on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well- " natured man to take care of his horſes and " dogs, not only in expectation of their labour " while they are foals and whelps, but even when " their old age has made them incapable of ſervice."

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation, that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows

knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſart iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion:

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum——
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—— *

Perhaps

* Imitated by a poet whoſe benevolence was equal to his genius:

——The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd deſerves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,

To

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—"Should I not "ſpare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more "than ſixſcore thouſand perſons—And alſo much "cattle?"—And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it in thoſe words: "If thou ſhalt "find a bird's neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take "the dam with the young: but thou ſhalt in any "wiſe let the dam go, that it may be well with "thee, and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days."

To

To merit death? You who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? and the plain Ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he whoſe toil,
Patient and ever-ready, cloaths the land
With all the pomp of harveſt, ſhall he bleed
And ſtruggling groan, beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? SEASONS—*Spring*.

I wonder the tender *Thomſon* omitted,

Immotas mugitibus aures; et vagitus
Similis puerilibus hædum edentem:

which Dryden charmingly tranſlates:

And imitates in vain thy children's cries.

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage nor prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of *.

This whole matter with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let

* And the poor beetle that thou tread'ſt upon,
In corporal ſufferance feels a pain as great
As when a giant dies. SHAKESPEAR.

let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the uſage of Men (replied the Tree) by its contrary. I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital, they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the Adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo: I know it, ſaid the Cow, by woeful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired of courteſy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to get into ſo narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

N° 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

" —— ineſt ſua gratia parvis." VIRG.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

" I REMEMBER a ſaying of yours concerning per-
" ſons in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their
" littleneſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they
" did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves
" in all their behaviour. Indeed the obſervation
" that no man is ridiculous for being what he is,
" but only for the affectation of being ſomething
" more, is equally true in regard to the mind and
" the body.

" I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to
" hear, that a ſet of us have formed a ſociety,
" who are ſworn to dare to be ſhort, and boldly
" bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the noſes
" of thoſe enormous engroſſers of manhood, thoſe
" hyperbolical monſters of the Species, the tall
" fellows that overlook us.

" The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of
" December, being the ſhorteſt in the year, on
" which we are to hold an annual Feaſt over a
" diſh of Shrimps.

" The place we have choſen for this meeting is
" in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the
" neigh-

" neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the " performers of which, we have, as becomes us, a " brotherly affection.

" At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman " brought her ſon to the Club-room, deſiring he " might be educated in this School, becauſe ſhe ſaw " here were finer Boys than ordinary. However " this accident no way diſcouraged our deſigns. " We began with ſending invitations to thoſe of " a ſtature not exceeding five foot, to repair to " our aſſembly; but the greater part returned ex- " cuſes, or pretended they were not qualified.

" One ſaid, he was indeed but five foot at preſent, " but repreſented that he ſhould ſoon exeeed that " proportion, his perriwig-maker and ſhoe-maker " having lately promiſed him three inches more be- " twixt them.

" Another alleged, he was ſo unfortunate as to " have one leg ſhorter than the other, and who- " ever had determined his ſtature to five foot, had " taken him at a diſadvantage; for when he was " mounted on the other leg, he was at leaſt five " foot two inches and a half.

" There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs " of our meaſures, and others inſtead of complying, " returned us informations of people yet ſhorter " than themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one " recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, " whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to

" be

" be leſs than he. We were not a little aſhamed,
" that thoſe who are paſt the years of growth, and
" whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould be
" guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as
" the moſt aſpiring children when they are mea-
" ſured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-
" room, and provide conveniences for our accom-
" modation. In the firſt place, we cauſed a total
" removal of all the chairs, ſtools, and tables,
" which had ſerved the groſs of mankind for many
" years.

" The diſadvantages we had undergone while we
" made uſe of theſe, were unſpeakable. The Pre-
" ſident's whole body was ſunk in the elbow-chair,
" and when his arms were ſpread over it, he ap-
" peared (to the great leſſening of his dignity) like
" a child in a go-cart: it was alſo ſo wide in the
" ſeat, as to give a wag occaſion of ſaying, that,
" notwithſtanding the Preſident ſate in it, there was
" a *Sede Vacante*.

" The table was ſo high, that one who came by
" chance to the door, ſeeing our chins juſt above the
" pewter-diſhes, took us for a circle of men that
" ſate ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a dozen
" Barbers.

" Another time, one of the Club ſpoke in a lu-
" dicrous manner of the Preſident, imagining he
" had been abſent, when he was only eclipſed by

" a flaſk of Florence, which ſtood on the table in a " parallel line before his face.

" We therefore now furniſhed the room in all " reſpects proportionably to us; and had the door " made lower, ſo as to admit no man of above five " foot high, without bruſhing his foretop, which " whoever does is utterly unqualified to ſit among " us.

" Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.

" I. If it be proved upon any member, though " never ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much " as poſſible to get above his ſize, by ſtretching, " cocking, or the like; or that he hath ſtood on " tip-toe in a crowd, with deſign to be taken for " as tall a man as the reſt; or hath privily con- " veyed any large book, cricket, or other device, " under him, to exalt him on his ſeat: every ſuch " offender ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for " a whole month.

" II. If any member ſhall take advantage from " the fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of " his dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or " otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is, " it is ordered he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, " and a red feather in his hat; which may ap- " parently mark and ſet bounds to the extre- " mities of his ſmall dimenſion, that all people

" may

" may readily find him out between his hat and " his ſhoes.

" III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for " his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half " in height; that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a " Scotch galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and " the overplus of the money ſhall treat the Club.

" IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to " the fundamental laws of the Society, ſhall wear " the heels of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and a " half; it ſhall be interpreted as an open renuncia- " tion of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall inſtantly " be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed in ex- " pelling a member ſhall be in theſe words; " Go " from among us, and be tall if you can!"

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſo- " ciety, that ſince the race of mankind is granted " to have decreaſed in ſtature, from the beginning " to this preſent, it is the intent of Nature itſelf, " that men ſhould be little; and we believe, that " all human kind ſhall at laſt grow down to per- " fection, that is to ſay, be reduced to *our own* " *meaſure.*"

N° 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq.*

" YOU are now acquainted with the nature and " deſign of our inſtitution; the Character of " the members, and the topicks of our Converſa- " tion, are what remain for the ſubject of this " Epiſtle.

" The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly * are " a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and " a little Hero. The firſt of theſe, Dick Diſtick by " name, we have elected Preſident: not only as he " is the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has en- " tertained ſo juſt a ſenſe of his ſtature, as to go " generally in black, that he may appear yet leſs. " Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he " ſtoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd " enough; he is a lively little creature, with long " arms and legs: a Spider is no ill emblem of him: " he has been taken at a diſtance for a ſmall Wind- " mill. But indeed what principally moved us in " his

* The humour of deſcribing clubs was nearly exhauſted by ſome inimitable papers of Addiſon in the Spectator. This account of the club of Little Men, like that of Addiſon's on Tall Men, is full of pleaſantry, eſpecially as it came from a perſon of our Author's ſize and make; which however he would not ſuffer any body to rally but himſelf.

" his favour was his talent in Poetry; for he hath
" promiſed to undertake a long work in ſhort verſe
" to celebrate the heroes of our ſize. He has en-
" tertained ſo great a reſpect for Statius, on the
" ſcore of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

" that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole The-
" baid for the ſake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt
" gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice
" in his habiliments; and to the end juſtice may be
" done him in that way, conſtantly employs the
" ſame artiſt who makes attire for the neighbouring
" Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's.
" The vivacity of his temper inclines him ſometimes
" to boaſt of the favours of the Fair. He was the
" other night excuſing his abſence from the club on
" account of an aſſignation with a Lady (and, as
" he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who
" had conſented to the full accompliſhment of his
" deſires that evening: but one of the company,
" who was his confident, aſſured us ſhe was a wo-
" man of humour, and made the agreement on
" this condition, that his toe ſhould be tied to
" hers.

" Our Politician is a perſon of real gravity, and
" profeſſed wiſdom: Gravity in a man of this ſize,
" compared with that of one of an ordinary bulk,

" appears like the gravity of a Cat compared with " that of a Lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed to " talk of himſelf, and was once overheard to com- " pare his own perſon to a little cabinet, wherein " are locked up all the ſecrets of ſtate, and refined " ſchemes of Princes. His face is pale and meagre, " which proceeds from much watching and ſtudy- " ing for the welfare of Europe, which is alſo " thought to have ſtinted his growth; for he hath " deſtroyed his own conſtitution with taking care " of that of the nation. He is what Monſ. Balzac " calls, a great Diſtiller of the maxims of Tacitus: " when he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly, and word by word, " as one that is loth to enrich you too faſt with " his obſervations; like a limbeck that gives you " drop by drop, an extract of the little that is " in it.

" The laſt I ſhall mention is, Tim. Tuck, the " Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the " length of his Sword, which interſects his perſon " in a croſs line, and makes him appear not unlike " a Fly that the boys have run a pin through, and " ſet a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow " for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow, " as he paſſed along the ſtreet. But what he eſpe- " cially values himſelf upon is, that in all the cam- " paigns he has made, he never once ducked at " the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was full as " large at fourteen years old as he is now. This

" we are tender of mentioning, your little Heroes " being generally cholerick.

" Theſe are the gentlemen that moſtly enliven " our converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns " upon ſuch accidents, whether fortunate or un- " fortunate, as are daily occaſioned by our ſize: " theſe we faithfully communicate, either as mat- " ter of mirth, or of conſolation to each other. " The Preſident had lately an unlucky fall, being " unable to keep his legs on a ſtormy day; where- " upon he informed us it was no new diſaſter, " but the ſame a certain ancient Poet had been ſub- " ject to; who is recorded to have been ſo light " that he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt the " wind, with lead on one ſide and his own works " on the other. The Lover confeſt the other night " that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, " by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scar- " ron, with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively. " Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his " unſucceſsful adventures: and as for the Poli- " tician, he declares himſelf an utter enemy to " all kind of burleſque, ſo will never diſcompoſe " the auſterity of his aſpect by laughing at our " adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his own " in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of " any accidents that befal him, is by way of com- " plaint, nor is he ever laughed at but in his *Abſence.*

" We are likewiſe particularly careful to com-
" municate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſ-
" tory, or characters of illuſtrious perſonages, as
" any way reflect honour on little men. Tim.
" Tuck having but juſt reading enough for a military
" man, perpetually entertains us with the ſame
" ſtories of little David * that conquered the mighty
" Goliah, and little Luxembourg that made
" Louis XIV. a grand Monarque, never forget-
" ting little Alexander the great. Dick Diſtick
" celebrates the exceeding humanity of Auguſtus,
" who called Horace *lepidiſſimum homunciolum;* and
" is wonderfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scarron,
" for having ſo well deſcribed their diminutive
" forms to poſterity. He is peremptorily of opinion,
" againſt a great Reader † and all his adherents, that
" Æſop was not a jot properer or handſomer
" than he is repreſented by the common pictures.
" But the Soldier believes with the learned per-
" ſon

* He might have added to the Liſt of Little Men, *Harvey, Chillingworth, Hales, Wren.*

† Alluding to Bentley's attempting to confute, what he has indeed done effectually, the vulgar notion that Æſop was deformed; an idea firſt propagated by that ignorant Monk Planudes, and copied without examination by many ſucceeding writers. See the incomparable Diſſertation on Phalaris's Epiſtles, page 429 of the laſt edition, in which the arguments of Boyle and his ingenious aſſociates (for there were many) are completely demoliſhed. What related to Æſop in Boyle's diſcourſe is ſaid to have been written by Dr. Freind; and the greateſt part of the diſcourſe by Smaldridge and Atterbury.

" ſon above-mentioned; for he thinks none but " an impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch " an unmannerly piece of Satire on little warriors, " as his Battle of the Mouſe and the Frog. The " Politician is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, " called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſſures us, was " a perſon of a very low ſtature, but far exceeded " all that went before him in diſcretion and poli- " ticks.

" As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my bu- " ſineſs, whenever we meet, to take minutes of " the tranſactions: this has enabled me to ſend " you the foregoing particulars, as I may here- " after other memoirs. We have ſpies appointed " in every quarter of the town, to give us infor- " mations of the miſbehaviour of ſuch refractory " perſons as refuſe to be ſubject to our ſtatutes. " Whatſoever aſpiring practices any of theſe our " people ſhall be guilty of in their Amours, ſingle " Combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we " ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to " the world, for their puniſhment and reformation. " For the Preſident has granted me the ſole pro- " priety of expoſing and ſhewing to the town all " ſuch intractable Dwarfs, whoſe circumſtances " exempt them from being carried about in Boxes: " reſerving only to himſelf, as the right of a Poet, " thoſe ſmart characters that will ſhine in Epigrams.

" Venerable

" Venerable Neſtor, I ſalute you in the name of " the club.

" BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*"

N° 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen Acanthi,
Pallenteſque hederas, at amantes littora myrtos.

VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats (or, if you will, Villa's) of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonſilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There

There is certainly ſomething * in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned Nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of Art.

This was the taſte of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt entirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the ſeventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir

* In the Spectator, N° 414. 1712, were the *firſt* ſtrictures, as in this paper, 1713, the *ſecond*, that were made on the bad taſte of Gardening in this Country. The ſubject has been ſince treated at length, and with great ſkill and ability, by many ingenious writers, particularly by Mr. Walpole, Mr. Maſon in his elegant Poem, and in *Obſervations on Gardening*, by Mr. Shenſtone, by the ingenious and learned Mr. Knight, in his *Landſcape*, by Mr. *George Maſon*, and Mr. *Price*. It is acutely remarked by Mr. Twining, in his Ariſtotle, that the Ancients have deſcribed no Landſcapes; owing, in his opinion, to their not having any landſcape painter. They had no *Thomſons* becauſe they had no *Claudes*.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was incloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency, joined cloſe to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the Garden; as alſo the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal

formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf: we run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our Trees in the moſt aukward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

> Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
> Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum
> Porrigere, et latas e ramis ſurgere turres;
> Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra:
> In buxiſque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
> Parte alia frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
> Scutaque, ſpiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos *.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature: on the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that fineſt which is the leaſt natural. A Citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains the thought of erecting them into Giants, like

* I have in vain ſearched for the author of theſe Latin Verſes; and conclude they are our author's own lines: who may therefore be added to thoſe Engliſh Poets that wrote alſo in Latin; to whom I would add a name ſo dear to me that I fear I ſhall be accuſed of Partiality; yet ſtill I will venture to ſay, that *Mons Catharinæ*, and ſome Tranſlations of *Greek* Poems, are written with the utmoſt Purity and Taſte. See the Poems of Thomas Warton 1791.

like thoſe of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you ſee the champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of Greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent Town-Gardener, who has lately applied to me on this head. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo Gardener, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the Ancients, in the imagery of Ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the Serpent very flouriſhing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in Box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the Dragon by next April.

A green

A green Dragon of the ſame, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine Bear in Bloſſom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnſon in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet Hog ſhot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavendar Pig, with ſage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Fir, in great forwardneſs.

He alſo cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, ſo that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

Thy Wife ſhall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy Table.

PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

It is not my deſign * to enter into a Criticiſm upon this Author; though to do it effectually and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt

* It is always to be lamented that Pope ever undertook this edition of Shakeſpear, a taſk which the courſe of his readings and ſtudies did not qualify him to execute with the ability and ſkill which it deſerved, and with which it has ſince been executed. This Preface, however, is written with taſte, judgment, purity, and elegance; as that of Dr. Johnſon is with uncommon ſpirit and ſplendor. What the latter urges againſt obſerving the *Unities* of Time and Place, in Dramatic Poetry, is unanſwerable. But I cannot poſſibly aſſent to his opinion that Shakeſpear's *predominant* excellence lay in *Comedy*, not *Tragedy*. An Eſſay has been written on this ſubject, which may poſſibly, one day, ſee the light. It is almoſt impoſſible to ſay much on this greateſt of our poets, after the many curious reſearches, unwearied induſtry, and accurate remarks, every where viſible in the excellent editions of Malone and Steevens. This edition of Pope had however the accidental merit of making Shakeſpear more read and acted. Dryden's character of our unrivalled poet, in his *Eſſay* on Dramatic Poetry, is exquiſitely written, and contains moſt

juſt writer could take to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh Poets, Shakeſpear muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not:

of the topics in his praiſe, that later critics have only expanded and repeated. Dr. Warburton informs us that he undertook his edition of Shakeſpear, at the earneſt perſuaſion of Pope; "who was deſirous, (he ſays,) that his edition ſhould be melted down into mine." But I do not recollect any edition of any author whatever, that was ever more totally expoſed and demoliſhed, on account of its numerous perverſe interpretations, and improbable conjectures, than this edition in queſtion, by Mr. Thomas Edwards, in his twenty-five Canons of Criticiſm, which were drawn and illuſtrated, with equal humour and judgment, from Warburton's own notes and remarks. In vain was the author thruſt into a niche of the Dunciad; theſe Canons will continue to be read with equal pleaſure and conviction, as well as the Ode which Akenſide wrote to him on the ſubject, in which he ſays,

> Then Shakeſpear debonnair and mild
> Brought that ſtrange comment forth to view!
> Conceits more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
> Than his own fools or madmen knew;
> But thank'd a generous friend above,
> Who did with free adventurous love
> Such pageants from his tomb remove.

not: a deſign which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtick excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any Author deſerved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakeſpear. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpear was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an inſtrument, of Nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature * herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every

* See Mrs. Montagu's ingenious Eſſay on Shakeſpeare, and her confutations of ſome of Voltaire's criticiſms.

every ſingle character in Shakeſpear is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide or gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: we are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection, find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than the *ridiculous* * in human nature; of

* On the aſtoniſhing idea of this double power over our paſſions, Gray has formed that exquiſitely beautiful Proſopopœia of Nature appearing to him in his infancy, and ſaying;

"This pencil take, whoſe colours clear
"Richly paint the vernal year;

"Thine

of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: in the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and public ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through † human nature at one glance,

> " Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal Boy!
> " This can unlock the gates of Joy;
> " Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
> " Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears."
>
> *The Progreſs of Poetry*, iii. 1.

† The truth of another of Dr. Johnſon's aſſertions may, perhaps, be diſputed; that Shakeſpear's peculiar and predominant excellence conſiſted in his having given juſt repreſentations of *general* nature, and not characters of *individuals*. Can this be properly ſaid of the Characters of *Falſtaff*, of *Benedict*, of *Shallow*, of *Piſtol*, of *Malvolio*, of *Caliban*, of *Ariel*, and many others? It is finely obſerved by Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, "that a daſh of individuality is ſometimes neceſſary to give an intereſt, in Poetry as well as Painting." It ſeems an unwarrantable aſſertion of Dr. Johnſon, "that the Tragedy of Macbeth has ſo nice diſcrimi-

glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpear, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally

nations of characters." Voltaire's cenſures of Shakeſpear are equally void of taſte and judgment; and not one of them more ſo than his *Examen* of *Hamlet*, which he ſays is the beſt of all the plays of Shakeſpear.

generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *Tradeſmen*, and *Mechanicks:* and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories*, or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our Author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing *, but few

* But Mr. Harris aſſerts, "that there never was a time when Rules did not exiſt; and that they always made a part of that immutable *Truth*, the natural object of every penetrating genius. So that there is hardly any thing we applaud in *Shakeſpear*, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found ſtrictly conformable to the Rules of ſound and ancient Criticiſm."

Philological Inquiries, p. 225.

few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonſon getting poſſeſſion of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue*: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpear by Ariſtotle's rules† is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among

* In the *Diſcoveries* of Ben Jonſon are ſeveral excellent remarks on Dramatic Compoſition, prior to any that had at that time appeared in France; and far beyond thoſe of *Meſnardiére*, publiſhed 1640, poſterior to Jonſon.

† This is applicable to thoſe who judge in *this manner* of *Spenſer*, *Arioſto*, and the Italian Poets; as is the conſtant practice of the French critics and their numerous diſciples, not excepting even Boileau and Addiſon.

among them; without that knowledge of the beſt of models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what Poets are pleaſed to call immortality: ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other Writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays * ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *player* †, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent

* Which Mr. *Malone* has endeavoured to ſettle with great labour and accuracy.

† From which circumſtance it happened, ſaid Garrick, that his verſes are eaſier to be ſpoken than any others.

ſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpear, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. as the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt publiſhed under the Title of *The Contention of York and Lancaſter*; and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects; but ſuperfœtations; and ariſe not from want of learning

ing or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, etc. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the aforeſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the Poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company,) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: there is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages**. How far he

* An end is put for ever to the diſpute concerning the *Learning* of Shakeſpear, by the maſterly and convincing and unanſwerable Eſſay of Dr. *Farmer*, on this ſubject. We are now acquainted from what ſources Shakeſpear took every one of his Plots and Fables, except *Love's Labour Loſt*, and the *Tempeſt*, which laſt I ſhould think is from ſome Italian Novel. And this was the opinion of my friend and ſchool-fellow, Mr. William Collins, who in the laſt viſit I ever made him with my brother, told us, he had ſeen an Italian Novel, in which was a chemical Necromancer, who had bound a Spirit to obey his call and perform his ſervices. He imagined it was the hiſtory of Aurelio and Iſabella, printed at Lyons, in 1555. On examining this little book, now in my poſſeſſion,

he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metephors appropriated,

ſeſſion, this appears not to be the fact. The ſtory does not reſemble that of the Tempeſt. There is no alluſion in Shakeſpear to any ancient claſſic author, but what had been tranſlated into Engliſh, before, or in his time; as appears from the accurate liſt of theſe authors drawn up by Mr. Steevens, vol. ii. p. 89.

propriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpear. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton): he appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe that have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author

and

and Ben Jonſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Jonſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid, on the one hand, that Shakeſpear had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpear had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted, on the other, that Jonſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpear borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Jonſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Jonſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakeſpear wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon.

> Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe

theſe two great Poets were good friends*, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged by Shakeſpear. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued through life. I cannot, for my own part, find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſsly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty,

* But Mr. Malone has produced many mortifying and indiſputable marks of their averſion to each other. And there is a tradition that the ſon of Sir *Walter Raleigh* perceiving *Ben Jonſon*, who was his tutor, to be one day extremely in liquor, procured means to have him ſqueezed into a large buck-baſket, and thrown into a river; and that *Ben Jonſon* was irritated that this incident was introduced by Shakeſpear into the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. Ben Jonſon might indeed be ſparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their heads at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpear's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines almoſt in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the

the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Jonſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpear's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay, that not Shakeſpear only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all,

or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. * and *Midſummer Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello;* by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other; which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Playhouſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected †) was publiſhed by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm

* In the firſt ſcene of the firſt part of Henry IV. is an extraordinary note of Dr. Johnſon juſtifying the lawfulneſs of the Holy Wars.

† Of the two firſt editions ſee what Mr. Steevens has obſerved.

firm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added ſince thoſe quartos, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* * there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to their playhouſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In

* Travellers now viſit their tombs at Verona; in which city are many ſepulchres detached from one another, ſtanding in different ſtreets, not in church-yards.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the Author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts*, written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very [a] names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *perſonæ dramatis*: and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition

[a] *Much ado about nothing*, Act. ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of Balthaſar. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp*, conſtantly through a whole ſcene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

tion divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpear introduces a kind of a Maſter of the Revels called Philoſtrate; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent editions: ſo alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf,

ſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt Playhouſes were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not Gentlemen of the ſtage: they were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpear publiſhed his works himſelf, (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage,) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine, but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot

not be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others * (particularly *Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpear's, was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown Authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpear the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe: (as we learn from what Ben Jonſon ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn.*) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpear was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his lifetime.

If

* Mr. Malone has with much ingenuity attempted to prove that the three parts of King Henry the Sixth were not written by Shakeſpear; but Mr. Steevens thinks that he had as much hand in them as in many that paſs under his name.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh; and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpear's writings lie at preſent; for, ſince the abovementioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will

will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text, are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakeſpear himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this Author than in any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently: and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by comma's in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of Criticiſm (namely, the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed (moſt of which, are ſuch as carry their

their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the Author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic * piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

* Of *all* the many eulogiums on the character of our inimitable old bard, that of *Addiſon* is perhaps the moſt beautiful and brilliant. "Shakeſpear was indeed born with all the ſeeds of poetry, and may be compared to the ſtone in *Pyrrhus*'s ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of *Apollo*, and the nine Muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of Nature, without any help from Art."

THE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham in the county of Middlesex, make this my Last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno* 17— *ætatis* —; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloath, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor general, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Exchequer,

chequer, Eſq. the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, Executors of this my Laſt Will and Teſtament.

But all the manuſcript and unprinted papers which I ſhall leave at my deceaſe, I deſire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe ſole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preſerved or deſtroyed; or, in caſe he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the abovefaid Earl of Marchmont. Thoſe who in the courſe of my Life have done me all other good offices, will not refuſe me this laſt after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my truſt and friendſhip; only deſiring them each to accept of ſome ſmall memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Tranſlations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe of Eraſmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer: That my Lord Bathurſt will find a place for the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Furneſe, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oſcuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq. and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath-hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond

of

of Five hundred pounds due to me from her ſon Michael. I alſo give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. It give to Eraſmus Lewis, Gilbert Weſt, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinſon, Nathaniel Hook, Eſqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the ſum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my ſervant John Searl, who has faithfully and ably ſerved me many years, I give and deviſe the ſum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himſelf and his wife; and to the poor of the pariſh of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the ſaid John Searl; and it is my will, if the ſaid John Searl die before me, that the ſaid ſum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and deviſe to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, the ſum of One thouſand pounds immediately on my deceaſe: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, houſehold-goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in this my Will, I give and deviſe to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a ſincere regard, and long friendſhip for her. And it is my will, that my aboveſaid Executors, the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, ſhall take an account of all my eſtate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, ſhall place out all the reſidue upon

upon government, or other ſecurities, according to their beſt judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life: and, after her deceaſe, I give the ſum of One thouſand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her ſons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them; and after the deceaſe of the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the ſum of Two hundred pounds to the abovеſaid Gilbert Weſt; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his ſiſter, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my ſervant, John Searl, to whichſoever of theſe ſhall be then living: And all the reſidue and remainder to be conſidered as undiſpoſed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my Laſt Will and Teſtament, written with my own Hand, and ſealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the Teſtator, as his Laſt Will and Teſtament, in Preſence of us,

RADNOR.
STEPHEN HALES, Miniſter of Teddington.
JOSEPH SPENCE, Profeſſor of Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Oxford.

THE END.

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